

Pi ves NIK!

ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS

ABRASIVE WHEELS

ONE WAY SYSTEM

TENPOLE TUDOR

RESISTANCE 77

RED LONDON

IGGY POP

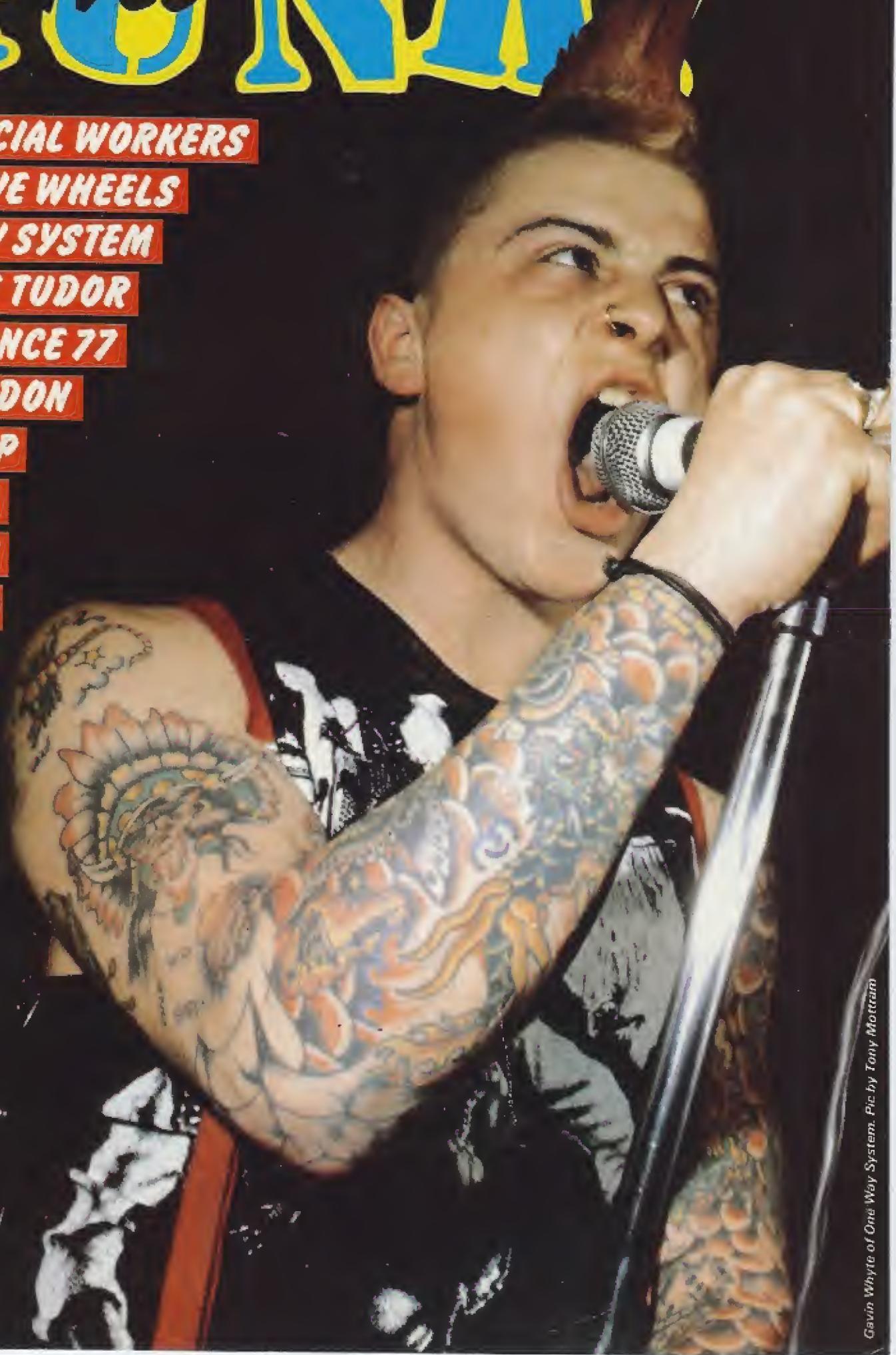
EJECTED

DEFECTS

DAMNED

ADICTS

GBH



Gavin Whyte of One Way System. Pic by Tony Mottman

RESISTANCE 77



Two Riot City Records bands, Resistance 77 formed in 1980 were originally called Anti Heroes. They've appeared on the 'Riotous Assembly' LP and the 'Nowhere To Play' EP. Mayhem also appeared on the 'Riotous Assembly' LP and have had numerous name and personnel changes but this Liverpool band say they'll be appearing near you soon and suggest you... stay wrecked.



MAYHEM

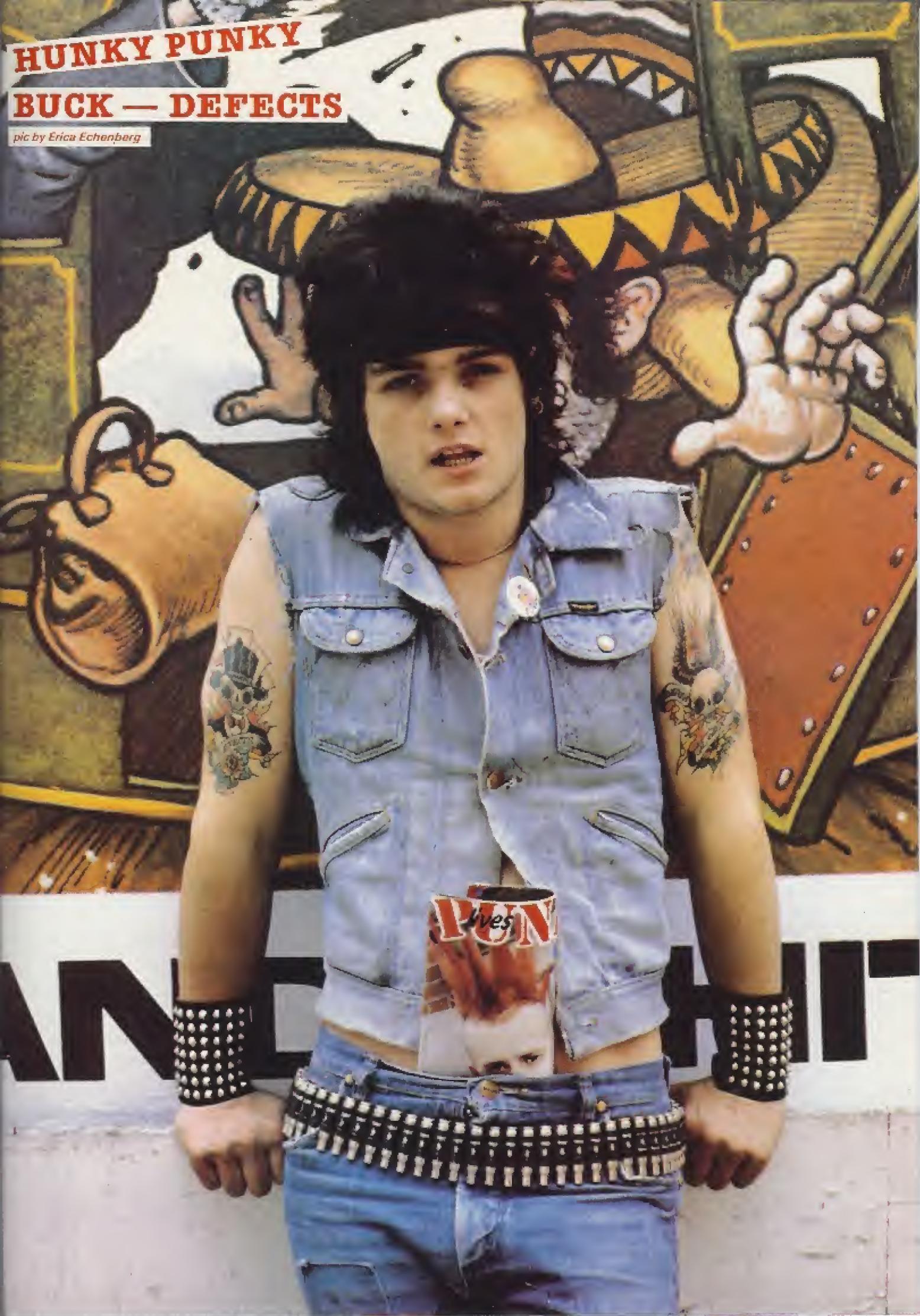


RED LONDON

A bit more short hair in Punk Lives! they cry. We can't argue with that. Sunderland's Red London will be showing their colours soon when their EP, 'Sten Guns In Sunderland', is released on Razor Records. Check out the REAL positive punk, especially the soul-punk 'Soul Train'. Will the radio pick it up? We can only live in hope. Pic by Tony Mottram

HUNKY PUNKY BUCK — DEFECTS

pic by Erica Echenberg



ANNE HUIT

inside leg!

BUCK — DEFECTS

Full Name: Ian Murdock
Nickname: Buck
Birthdate: 19.1.64
Place of Birth: Luton
Colour of Hair: Dark Brown
Colour of Eyes: Greeny Blue
Colour: Black
Food: Chinese food at Lawrences in Belfast
Drink: Vodka
Car: Gold Porsche Turbo
Clothes: Leather
Shoes: Doc Marten boots
Film: Animal House and Few Dollars More.
Most Hated Person: The bastard that stopped my Giro.
TV Programme: Young Ones, Minder.
Song: Homicide, 999 and Jah War, Ruts.
Album: The Crack, The Ruts
Group: The Ruts
Hero: Alex Higgins
Heroine: Plum, works at manager John Curd's office.
Actor: John Belushi and Clint Eastwood.
Actress: Maggie Thatcher
Tattoo: Sailor Bills (Northern Ireland)
Place In World: Belfast or London
Ambition: To rob a bank and never get caught and live in Florida with the money.
First Gig ever seen: XTC, Rudi, Outcasts, Queens University Belfast
Singer: Animal, Anti Nowhere League and Malcolm Owen, Ruts
First Band Ever In: Defects
Best Defects Gig: Klub Foot supporting Adicts
First Impressions Of London: Big
What Makes You Happy: Doing a good gig
Influences: Mark Walker and Sammy Trussdale
Hobbies: Collecting records and Tee-shirts
Do You Take Bus, Cab, Tube: The cheapest
Most Important moment in life: Meeting and signing with John Curd.
What Do You Want To Be In 10 Years: Tax exile and alive.

■ Following the departure of Jamie and Ray from Ritual to complete the line up of Ian's Death Cult the rest of Ritual disappeared. Saxophonist Steve is currently getting a new band together the name of which is unknown. Mark (bass) and Errol (vocals) are forming another band and have filled the gaps with the drummer of The Shy Tots and none other than Spon, previously with UK Decay on guitar. According to Mark they are rehearsing regularly with an eye to wholly new material and should be around gigging at the end of the year with a hopeful eye set upon September. Stayed tuned.



■ Riot Squad, (pictured above) who re-formed a month ago have signed to Rot Records. The band have a single out now called 'Don't Be Denied'.

■ The Anti Nowhere League, who have a new live LP coming out soon could be in trouble with the authorities again. Last February their single 'So What' was seized because it was supposed to be obscene and now a live version of the single will be on the album that was recorded recently in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. The band are due to appear in court to fight the authorities and to try to stop them confiscating the LP.

PUNK lives

EDITOR

ALF MARTIN

(Died in the wool but not dyed grey)

CONTRIBUTORS

DR SYN

(He's got a certain Panache)

TONY PUPPY

(He kills pet puppies)

ALA

(At the centre of anarchy)

RICHARD KICK

(And kick is what he's got)

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■ More splits that have taken place recently. The Undertones have called it a day because they say they don't want to get rich and famous (some hopes!) and Birthday Party (who we interviewed last month and they didn't mention a thing!) are disbanding. The group will record a farewell EP and then pursue individual projects. Also Keith Levine has left PIL but John Lydon and Martin Atkins will continue as a unit.

★★★★★ YOUR OWN PUNK CHART

THIS CHART is compiled from lists sent in by readers of their current favourite five singles and five albums.

Anyone can, and should, vote for this chart; the more votes we get the more accurate it is, so get to it.

Remember it's your CURRENT and not all-time charts we want, and keep it to punk/punk-related stuff (though what 'punk-related' means is up to you).

Send your chart to Readers Chart, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London, N1.

SINGLES

1. LOVE UNDER WILL (EP) — Blood & Roses.
2. Flesh Eating Zombie — Peter & The Test-tube Babies.
3. Big A Little A — Crass.
4. Peasant Army/Lev Bronstein — The Redskins.

5. So What/Streets Of London — Anti-Nowhere League.

6. God Save The Queen/Did You No Wrong — Sex Pistols.

7. Rising From The Dread (EP) — UK Decay.

8. Substitute — Sex Pistols.

9. I Am I'm Me — Twisted Sister.

10. Think For Yourself — The Fits.

ALBUMS

1. ALL SYSTEMS GO — One Way System.
2. Let The Tribe Increase — The Mob.
3. It's Time To See Who's Who — Conflict.
4. City Baby Attacked By Rats — GBH.
5. Clash 1st — Clash.
6. Pissed And Proud — Peter & The Test-tube Babies.
7. Plastic Surgery Disasters — Dead Kennedys.
8. The Partisans 1st — Partisans.
9. Blood & Thunder — The Outcasts.
10. Voice Of A Generation — Blitz.



Charlie Harper obviously knows a good thing when he sees it! He's looking through the *Postals* section to see who he can write to. A full interview with Charlie is on page 24. Picture by Justin Thomas.

SOLAR SYSTEM

Our time will come say

One Way System. Interview by

Ben Fleet. Pictures by Tony Mottram



AFTER RELEASING three singles, and slogging it out on the punk circuit around the country for a year and a half, One Way System have at last started to receive the attention they have worked for and thoroughly deserve.

The catalyst for this change in attitude has been the group's debut album 'All Systems Go'. At long last people are now taking OWS seriously, no-one more so than the weekly music papers, who until recently had virtually ignored them!

Apart from the departure of the 'second' guitarist Craig, the original line up of Gav Whyte (vocals); Gaz Buckley (bass); David Ross (guitars) and Tom "Silly Bert Bacharach" Couch (drums) has stayed the same since their formation some three years ago. I asked One Way System what they thought of their album which had stirred up so much fuss?

Gav: "We're pleased with it, but the next one will be even better."

Gaz: "We wanted the LP to come out with a lot of street credibility . . . it's all our old stuff . . . and it's popular."

So how did the band feel about Anagram Records who, in nine months or so, have sprung up to be one of the most important punk labels?

Gav: "Yeah, they're all right."

Is that all? The label seems to be getting more behind OWS than their more established groups?

Gaz: "Ah yeah but I don't think the Vibrators or the Upstarts need much getting behind . . . they've already got their name. Anagram need to push us a bit harder to make a name for us."

Gav: "Yeah but they've done for us exactly what they said they would do."

Gaz: "I don't think Anagram will lose money on the Upstarts or the Vibrators because their records will always sell to the fans they have always had. But Anagram would lose money on us if they didn't push us really hard."

All very well lads, but why did the group stop releasing records themselves after 'Stab The Judge', why did they sign to Anagram?

Gaz: "Somebody lent us the money to release 'Stab The Judge', but he ended up ripping us off and we never saw any other money. But we wanted to be on a label (a proper label) and become an established band."

You've got a good chance of becoming an 'established' band, you are very tight, do you rehearse a lot?

Gav: "We rehearse twice a week, three hours each time."

Doesn't that cost a bit?

Gaz: "Not really, we got the room for £5 a week . . . the room we used to use only cost 15 pence a night!"

On the subject of money, how come the band have got so much equipment when they are all on the dole?

Dave & Tom: "We've had it for years."

Gaz: "We bought most of the gear when we still had jobs, and could afford it. We've been together for three years, and people say 'Christ that's a long time', but they don't realise it took the first year and a half to get the money into the bank to get the gear. Then there's the rehearsing once you've got the gear. It's like some bands where the press grab onto them and they haven't got the back up to put it all over properly."

Do you consider that you're doing 'it' properly? Do you consider the band to be your career, now that you haven't got 'proper' jobs?

Gav: "Well, I'd like to think it is career, that's what we're aiming for."



Getting back to the album, how many has it sold?

Gav: "We don't really know, no-one has told us yet."

Why was the cover of the LP so cheap and nasty?

Gaz: "After taking some time sorting out a suitable cover for the 'Jerusalem' single, we found ourselves in the situation of being asked to supply an album cover in about a week. It turned out to be a bit of a let down after the 'Jerusalem' cover."

How did you feel about the reviews it received. Nearly all of them gave it good reviews music wise but slagged off the 'no future... I'm on the dole' style lyrics?

Gaz: "The songs were our set at the time, which we'd been doing, and which went down well, so we put them on the album."

So is that a good excuse not to progress?

Gav: "Of course not, we're progressing for the better all the time, the songs are changing."

Do you think that there are too many preaching punk bands about?

All: "Yeah."

Gav: "Yeah it's best to leave all that preaching to the Crass bands and all that lot."

So what are the new songs about?

Gaz: "Similar tunes with lyrics about similar subjects but written with a more positive attitude."

Will there be a more positive attitude toward drugs, unlike the album where it seemed the band were actually glorifying drug taking?

Gav: "If it sounded that way we didn't mean it to. We were saying we can't stop people from taking drugs. But if they wanna take drugs then just watch what they're doing. I can't stop them!"

Gaz: "We just sang about drugs in a sort of juvenile way, whereas groups like the Clash and the Rolling Stones

and even the Beatles hid the fact that they were singing about drugs under different lyrics."

With the album well and truly behind us, I asked why they chose the old Slade hit 'Cum On Feel The Noize' as their new single?

Tom: "To try and get us noticed, to help us build up a bigger following."

Gav: "It's a good song to do, and there's a chance of it getting some airplay. A good chance of us getting over to a wider audience."

Ah, but aren't you worried about the cries of 'sell out' from the moron brigade?

Gaz: "Yeah that's just it, a lot of successful punk bands get slagged off. As soon as the Exploited got on Top Of The Pops they got slagged off, but nobody slagged off the UK Subs when they appeared, and that was six or so times. It was just accepted that they would go on TOTPs."

Does that prove that punk has got somewhat negative in the last two years or so?

Gaz: "Yes, that's what I mean, with 'Cum On Feel The Noize' everybody's heard it before, they can sing along to it... and it won't frighten off the DJs."

So it is an advert for the group, for people who normally wouldn't have heard of OWS before?

Gav: "Yes, but we're still a punk band but we are a better punk band..."

Are Slade heroes?

Gaz: "Yeah. When Slade came to Blackpool in their prime, when they were really big, I was only young, so my mum had to take me."

I hope your mum didn't mind going. Slade were a bit LOUD?

Gav: "She didn't mind, she loves Slade!"

So apart from Slade and your obvious favourites the UK Subs, who else do you like?

Dave: "Marc Bolan."

Gaz & Gav: "Chelsea and the early groups."

What about today's punk groups then?

Gav: "There's a lot of bad ones."

Gaz: "When Bushell stuck his neck out, and said 'Get a load of these new bands' — the Oi bands, it brought a stale punk scene back to life. But in the end, as the top Oi bands went off the boil, there was only a load of rubbish left."

Do you want to change the punk scene?

Gaz: "No promises, but we will try to change it for the better, and if we do, we hope that will encourage other bands."

Any other ambitions?

Gav: "Yeah, to get across to as many people as possible."

Gaz: "It would be great to be able to go on tour and not to have to worry about whether or not we were going to sell any tickets or not. And then go on from that, and keep going on until we got to a stage where we'd done so many albums that we couldn't do anymore for the better."

Gav: "You see punks with Motorhead on their jackets... I'd like to see Motorhead fans with One Way System on their leathers."

Maybe that particular dream isn't that far off. The old HM/punk crossover used to be something of a joke, but bands like ANWL, GBH, the Blood, Abrasive Wheels, and OWS themselves have made the doubting Thomas' laugh on the other side of their faces. But as for OWS, the new single 'Cum On Feel The Noize' could well see them getting across to more people than they had imagined. If they can back this up with the sensible 'natural progression' they talked about, the new album (probably out in September) should see them cross over to people outside punk circles, and hopefully into the 'proper' UK charts. Only time will tell.

DR SYN (R.I.P.) gets wasted over this month's ...

Singles

"ARDON ME whilst I wince but the manacles they diggeth deep, the water dripping down the dungeon walls is sorely teasing my back and the guard who promises he'll be back to remove my undercarriage with a pair of blunt scissors has ways of making me baulk. Imagine, trussed up like a common reprobate — which I suppose is a fair description — by the Conservative militia, due for more questioning soon and all because this laddy loves D.M.S.

If it wasn't for them, I'd be safe now, heading for the hills with all the others but foolish unavoidable dalliance has brought me closer to my grave.

Although the Tories kept their hold over the nation and simpletons everywhere fell for the murderous drivel about 'England The Great' no-one surely expected a mass round up of unworthies "in the name of peace". But there we were all herded together in Shepherds Bush market in constricting pens until someone split the fence. Off we went tearing through the streets. Punks, skinheads, rastas, Tony Benn (!) and even old Michael Foot, all hot footing it for the hills (so to speak, there not actually being many hills around Shepherds Bush). Well, so many got away or simply evaded capture that we spread out safely through the countryside and that's when they called in the army.

I was in a group of about 20 people. It had been 21 but the other day the famous Wattle was captured pretending to be an ostrich whilst shouting to anyone that would listen that he was a real punk. How we all laughed, welcome of some good news for once.

Well anyway, getting back to the point, we were crossing Worcestershire at a fair old lick with the army a couple of miles behind us when a revolting storm broke out, the like of which I hadn't witnessed since the night of the 'Last' Blood and Roses gig. We took shelter in a derelict house and in the room where I parked my weary bum, absurdly long legs tucked under me, I found some records. All singles and pretty enticing for one weaned on such noise. Not having heard anything for days except a dodgy old bootleg of Crass down The Acklam I slapped one on the deck and sat back to marvel at Chaotic Dischord's 'Never Trust A Friend' on Riot City Records. Well the others all complained (and who wouldn't?) because seconds later a sound even more awful than the record made it clear that sonic radar had pinpointed us through my itchy mistake. A shell exploded outside and everyone was out and running. Somehow I decided to sit it out and just listen to a few more records.

Looking at the mutants on the Chaotic Dischord sleeve I expected a garbled musical

opening salvo of Drum-led destruction and then an oath peppered song of ridiculous speed with everything cranked up high. Just goes to show you how wrong you can be! It was far worse than that. Placed against other bands this bunch are like a fart in a pig sty. Grinning I threw it out of the window as another shell smashed onto the lawn. I ferreted around and came up with 'Catch 23' by GBH on Clay Records. The lyrics seemed to sum up our situation with their "You beat us down but we came back . . ." and it was nice to hear the band at least trying to formulate a tune, no matter how simple. It was sad that they didn't achieve it but they managed a thumping Heavy Metal riff which had Will Shakespeare wanking in his grave. The guitars were honed, the bass thromboid and the solo unnecessary. The vocals harsh but clear. GBH were improving. If they put another record out sometime I'd keep an ear open. Out the window it went and on with Decca Wade's 'If It Wasn't For Rita' on EMI. A joke record? Geordie accent from an Upstart sounding like 'When The Boat Comes In', silly choruses and a love story badly handled with all manner of dated musical ROCK ideas. This one went into the fireplace but the flames wouldn't touch it.

Red Alert I'd been told weren't too bad and their 'City Invasion' was pretty good, which isn't really what you expect from *No Future*. Sizzling guitar lines and deep rolling drums marred only by some unclear vocals which went on about violence. The song was buoyant and well produced, as was 'Bad Boy' by this year's Hello, The Adicts on Razor Records. They've been around a while this lot so it's odd to think that all they can do after years and years is sound like a gruff pop band, called The Glitter Band. Dippy choruses and medieval guitar lines feature heavily in this period piece, produced to sound just like a mid Seventies TOTP contender. It might have happened too but for the clampdown. Embarrassing is the word.

TV Smith's probably already been shot for his 'War Fever' single on Expulsion Records drenched as it was in anti-nuke lyrics. A finely crafted pop song of modern terminology as opposed to The Adicts Day Out At The British Museum, I found a sleeve next to it testifying to the existence of the re-released 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' by The Adverts on Bright Records but I couldn't find the record anywhere. Peased off I went on with the next record. The shelling had dropped off by now but the rumble of machinery drew closer. I figure just a few more and then I'd skeedaddle.

The new Tones On Tail single slipped down a treat (4AD Records), the Danny Ash/Glen Campling/Kevin Haskins trio being surprisingly fiery and both 'Burning Skies' and 'OK, This Is

The Pops' tickled my fancy, if you'll pardon the infringement of dull jokes.

45 Grave and 'Phantoms' on Enigma Records was far milder than their first single but there was a catchy mood about it, rather like Blondie's 'Contact In Red Square' but there was no time to play the flip because it was on to Anagram Records' pop bolers Pressure. This 'Pressure' song reminded me of the spirit of Generation X but sadly didn't do anything after the early seconds.

Camp Sophisto's 'Obsession' on Pure Fraude Records brought a smile back to my face and the crackling cackling merging of Kas Product and Sex Gang Children sounded fine indeed, blotting out the machine gun fire which occurred outside. When I glimpsed through the tattered curtains I could see my old comrades up on the hill firing haphazardly back at men in blue uniforms scaling a hill. Soon lads, I'll be with you, soon, I mumbled and slipped on the Hanoi Rocks single, 'Malibu Beach' on Lix Records. I'd heard a lot about this band being a strange reincarnation of The New York Dolls but I'd never heard anything by them so this could be a real treat. Was it, I hear you ask feebly from beneath my heap of old blankets, was it? NO IT WASN'T! It was a seething modern rock band cascading along brightly on the trail of a very hot guitar. The vocals, very dreary, were unimportant as the general sound was the attraction. Highly traditional and like Thin Lizzy with a boot up the arse. The drums did the old hand clap impersonation and hindered things, and an appalling solo rent the air. I dived for cover expecting incoming wounded. On the other side I found 'Rebel On The Run' and this started with a great Morse code signal and mini-Kiss signatures. The words were so pathetic that I snapped it in half and promised myself to sacrifice it to the gods. Hanoi have it in them to make some fairly combustible records but this wasn't.

Bad Brains next with 'I And I Survive' on Food For Thought Records and what fun it was and what confusion it was! One side of the undrey reggae and one side of the fastest US punk thrash you've every heard. My head spun and in the distance I heard a grenade exploding followed by an ominous silence.

It came as quite a shock to see the new Crass single. How glossy the sleeve was? How biting the words were and naturally enough how obscured they were by the badly produced sound. Not badly produced in quality, just the way that all their good ideas are ruined by performance. I tensed inside a little as they ranted on and then I left 'Sheepfarming In The Falklands' on Crass Records and sped on to Icon A.D. and their winsome 'Say NO' on Radical Change with its strange Iron Maiden guitar riff and the Girl Guides Sing Song round the cap fire delivery. It was pitted with internal weaknesses and their obvious wrath never once came through. I've heard angrier performances by the Belle Stars. Well alright, I haven't, but you know what I mean.

Outside someone's hideous scream filled the air and I suspect it was Richard discovering he'd left the hair lacquer with me by accident. I grabbed at The Lost Cherrees single, which had many songs but was titled 'No Fighting, No War, No Trouble, No More' on Riot Clone Records.

The sound quality was surprisingly poor considering the previous Riot Clone singles had reasonably vociferous sounds to mask the weak playing but here there were both categories slumping sadly. The songs themselves were of sweet variety and I listened quite happily. It seemed strange to hear a quiet, slow song



amidst the hustle and bustle of everyday fear. As I scraped the excrement from out of my trousers with a rusty spoon I was already looking for the next record.

Aha though! What was this dark object nesting almost unnoticed in the pile? Why it was none other than the evocative Cold War and their excellent 'The Machinist' on **Namedrop Records**. It began with a great drum rhythm, a bulging bass and some flicked guitar. A fine voice was urging us to listen. The voice fades away and the bass takes the spotlight and then changes back and changes again. There was something great going on when the bass was at its deepest and the guitar castrated the air. So I flipped and then flipped the record. A jet flew overhead but my ears were only for the song they call 'Illusion' and it was the concoction we experienced on the A-side only the singer gets all overheated on this one and the bass veers off more. Give them credit I thought to myself and tucked the single inside my jacket for safety.

'Qual' by **Xmal Deutschland** wasn't quite the heavy pounder I'd expected. Ostensibly a disco mix of the classic track off the **4AD** album 'Fetisch' it has had the energy defused rather than bolstered and built up by this new treatment. It's still a gorgeous object and includes two new songs on the B-side where bass player Wolfgang cemented his reputation as a man of marvels.

At this point the house received a direct hit and many of the records were buried beneath the dust but I managed to fish three of them out from beneath shattered beams.

Emily XYZ, an American outfit, rattled my bones with their insane dooby do wop bop on 'Who Shot Sadat' (**Vinyl Repellant**) but this was no time for dancing, I needed mood music and by God I found it on 'The Realm Of Existence' by **Pretty Poison (Svengali Records)**. Classic stuff from an American bunch who I'd never even heard of before. "He-Cre-At-Ed-You" they chant in syllables. A really deep and ankle grabbing bass thuds away, the drums flick scarabs at us and the girl's voice rules the roost. Some guitar spins away into a dark corner and bares its teeth more and more as this evil song grows in size. It's really brilliant, perfectly executed (I should have said that about Gary Gilmore I suppose; joke wasted!). I was grinning like a cretin when the first sounds of troop voices met my ears and as I went to slip out the back door I saw **The Dead Man's Shadow** single 'Toleration Street/In My Dream' on **Expulsion Records**. No way could I leave without hearing the new single by the best punk band in existence. On it went as a bullet hit the wall above my head. I tossed a smoke grenade through the window and crouched near the speaker, only to be blown right across the room by the vitality of the song. This was D.M.S. at their very best as anyone could tell. A storming storm of a number full of energy, packed with supreme drum rolls and beats, a guitar so potent it could lift your brains out and drop them at your feet and the walking bass of Matt Pagnut just all over the room, I didn't even hear the door being kicked in, I was listening to Matt singing. The voice all others should wish to copy. It's an all round song, everything fitting in and exploding both in emotional intent and unbeatable music. Every punk should have one (or two). 'In My Dream' was even better and the shock of how good D.M.S. always are had me floundering. A slow intensely burning song with some menacing little bass notes and an uplifting guitar grab you the moment it leaps out. The drums roll over your ribs and Matt's voice, which has never been better, forces the lyrics right up your nose. It's a brave song to do in the current musical climate . . . but then **Dead Man's Shadow**, unlike so many lesser bands, have never been afraid to take risks. This is a true punk band.

That's what I told the Tory State Police when they burst in but they didn't listen. They confiscated the records, stamped on the turntable, sold me a subscription to **Maggie Monthly** (the centrefold has to be seen to be believed!) and carted me off to this festering dump of an improvised jail. Every now and then the guard taunts me by slipping the singles under the door and sometimes he gets rough and puts a Blitz poster on the wall but I'm past caring. The tune of 'In My Dream' is still with me.

I can hear the guard coming now. I can see the scissors in his hand. Somehow it doesn't seem to matter.

"It's so different here . . ."

Tapes

LAVOLTA LAKOTA

Master Thomas Vague gave me this from a friend up North somewhere, described as 'Southern Death Cult's Number One fan' . . . and whilst there's no daunting S.D.C. comparisons to be made in musical similarities (Thank God, a feeble impersonation would be the last thing we need) the music encompasses similar feelings. We'll just have to wait for an interview to learn more about them but musically there's a stirring magnificence even at this early stage of their development. Very delicate at times but then thunderously rousing with shimmying guitars, pounding rhythmic drums and huge vocals. This is the way. Even odd effects. Seldom have I heard such monumental music from a new band.

No Contact Address!

SOLVENT ABUSE

One of these Abusers was seen gawping at the camera in the Kings Road spread last issue! Suddenly they're in my room hurling their burly songs around. Faint hearted I cranked the old volume up and the room vibrated unhealthily. They've a roaring kind of sound and dual vocals, male and female, from Mark and Jar respectively. Gig lashes out on guitar, Jono rules the roost on drums and a person called Jody runs wild in the midst of all. Bass players!

Fast punky stuff but essentially tuneful. I enjoyed their latest recording best, a song called '1984' with an indignant Jar on vocals. This track was originally recorded for the next 'Riotous Assembly' album but the organisers decided not to go ahead with the album, 'Punk Sales' apparently being less than they were.

In a missive to **Punk Lives**, Gig tells us "Ideals of the band must be the same as most other punk rock bands with all the anti-war stuff. We've given up singing about war and governments etc now and decided that we want people to enjoy our music and have as much fun as possible at our gigs (just in case they do decide to blow us up). We believe that punks and like minded people have got to stick together to form our own society which is worth living in."

Solvent Abuse, c/o GIG, 'Chaworth', Long Lane, Watnall, Nottingham. (Enclose S.A.E.)

ROUGH JUSTICE

They of the upright hair styles come from Yorkshire, as do half the bands I seem to get tapes from, and include in their short letter a plea/suggestion that "if there are any 'Punk Rock Stars' reading this, with a chance of a support gig for us please get in touch."

Their tape came over as very powerful but solid instead of wandering over the place. It didn't quite live up to their claim that they want to experiment with slower songs but it was certainly impressive for a band who have only been together for 10 months. Songs like 'Jesus Christ (They've Got Guns)' (brilliant title) and 'Clockwork Racist' seem highly potent. They claim to relate to bands like The Outcasts, The Clash and The Newtown Neurotics, which comes through in their lyrics (or what I could make out).

Anyone wanting to reach them, including those 'Punk Rock Stars' can get Steve Justice at Top Flat, 4 Portland Street, off Gillygate, York.

DEAD ON ARRIVAL

As enthusiastic as any band has ever been, D.O.A. (I'm sure there's several bands called that) plunge into four songs with some naive lyrics and dithering vocals. The guitar is brilliantly slippery and almost emphasised by the clearness of sound on this demo tape.



WEBSITE: www.punklives.com THE MAU MAUS YOU HAVE THE LEGS BUT YOU DON'T

They have a nice, powerful bass and a good (early) understanding between the instruments.

In their letter the following info arose. They've been together for about a year all in all, based in the Merthyr Tydfil area, supporting The Partisans, Verdict, Four Minute Warning and Acid Attack, building up a strong local following and getting a track on a Sane Records compilation album (if anyone has a copy I could review I'd be grateful) along with 14 other bands.

Apparently a lot of companies have been interested in the band, which is understandable based upon what I've heard, and Lee Wilson of Infra Riot has been a great help to them. Marcus Featherby has also rounded them up for a track on the second Wargasm album.

Anyone interested in writing to the band do so to 23 Cromwell Street, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid-Glam, S. Wales.

THE INSTIGATORS

The best tape received this month in punk circles (Lavolta Lakota being outside strict punk areas) and the best artwork to boot! A devilishly clever band and no mistake. Hammy the drummer writes to me and says that they've been around since May '81 and have so far supported Flux and The Mau Maus but why bands are always telling you who they've supported I have no idea.

Like D.O.A. the band have a track coming up on the second Wargasm album which seems to be shaping up to be even better than the first one. Marcus Featherby thinks I'm a tosser apparently.

Their music? Simply stunning. When I slapped the tape into my trusty machine you could have knocked me down with a feather (well, not really). Sheer power, tunefulness and snarling lyrics. Scything guitars, choruses to remain forever and the brightest energy around. I got a superb booklet with mine but apparently they've no more of this left but anyone with a quid and a s.a.e. can't miss the chance to get this half studio/half live tape, from Hammy, 5 St Michaels Close, Thornhill, Dewsbury, W. Yorks.

They are also putting together a compilation tape called 'Tribal Rantings' featuring The Alternative, Destroyers, Anarchist Angels, The Epileptics and of course themselves. A quid also from the same address. Get in there. QUICK.

WE NEED YOUR SINGLES

You know as well as we do that Punk Lives can't survive without you. There are hundreds of singles and tapes released every week without anyone getting a chance to hear about them. If you are an independent record label, band or whatever and you've got a punk record out then send it to us for review. Remember, we can only help you if you help us. Send your singles/tapes to: Punk Lives, 'Singles', 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London, N1.

A STRANGE new and old breed this New Model Army. Their singer/guitarist, known for reasons that he refused to divulge as Slade The Leveller, stalks up to me at the Rock Garden and points out the spotty segments of my forehead. "Been beaten up?" he grins. And then stalks away, his shavenish head like some craven Flay image. He comes originally from 'down South' but now lives 'Up North' and in the interview defends common attacks on the North made by Southern bands. A cold calculating monster of a man, staring me in the eye and coolly deliberating over each question, his answer calm and assured.

Poetess Joolz is next out of the van, peering around, her long cloak type thing (or was it a dress) giving her a distinct appearance of one of the victims of Vincent Price in "Witchfinder General" and that coincides accidentally with one of the explanations of the band's name later on, for which you must wait.

The smallest band member, musculturis Stuart, the bearded bass player, simply strolls around seemingly unconcerned by anything that's happening and remains the quietest in the interview, although chipping in whenever he felt like it. Drummer Rob maintains a placid poise (as oppose to pose) and seems mildly amused by everything that this Slade The Leveller (probably a better name than Justin anyway) says.

We cram ourselves around a table upstairs in a crappy pub and they start defending the North versus South affair but that's pretty much old hat, one of those interview subjects which tends to arise now and again. The general verdict is that each town is a town and that's that.

I'd first seen, and been extremely impressed by, New Model Army when they were first band on at the 'Lost In Beirut' gig at the Lyceum. Their powerful songs filled the empty spaces and their tunes keyed up the crowd who weren't ready for a gig that started in the middle of an afternoon. Their recent single release confirms this potential with three songs (and a live flexi) that cry VARIETY and a nice crisp sound. Funnily enough the tape they sent me of it also included them discussing the finances of the thing, an accident which had me straining to hear in case any secrets slipped out but nothing much occurred. (DAMN.)

The rhythm section is particularly capable, booting out immense noise over which Old Slade scatters his guitar notes and sings in a surprisingly ungruff manner. When background vocals appear the sound is one of syrup but not a quagmire. Impressed I was. Impressed. Apparently the band weren't as keen as they might be and a tiny grumble appeared but of no great interest to us.

Continuing the 'Up North' debate they pointed out that with the media so London based it was here that they had to come if they didn't want to wallow in obscurity.

Slade: "That does create a bit of bad feeling I think, that you have to come down here before anyone takes a blind



ARMY LIFE

Of the New Model kind

bit of notice of you."

Rob: "That attitude was summed up by the last drummer. He said, 'Well we've played down here twice and nothing's come of it, no record companies have offered anything, so why should we bother?'"

Slade: "You have to do your homework if you're coming down here and saving your pennies to do so. You've got to make sure you get some journalist down and some people from a record company or else you're wasting your time. We had a few record companies come along who thought we'd be Southern Death Cult, which we're not, and they sort of wandered away . . . didn't know what they were missing. Out of it we got a review of our first gig and an agency."

And from there a record deal, all based on trust. This is one extra thing that impressed me about the band. They refuse to be messed around and S-T-L even takes people to court if they get in his way. His philosophy goes like this:

"We're polite to people who are polite to us. We do our job to the best of our ability and we expect people like promoters and that to do theirs and if they don't they get hell."

Much to Rob's amusement Slade reveals the meaning of the name New Model Army, taking us back to the days of The English Civil War and Oliver Cromwell's effective attempts to have the finest trained standing army. Out of the rank and file members came the first ideas of true democracy and "one man, one vote." Only the laughter from all around stops him going further. To make matters worse he mentions that he's a Quaker, which shook me as I had previously only associated this name with porridge.

"Do you want another history lesson?" he asked eagerly but the

band roar NO, NO! and we pass on but apparently it has something to do with a Society Of Friends, funny hats and trips to America when the first people went over to colonise the place.

For some reason image is mentioned and the band certainly have a diverse one. An image that could be called Non-image.

Slade: "We're told that our image is a terrible problem! We're different people. What we do together makes sense. We haven't all got the same haircut. So what?"

Joolz: "A lot of people get put off if the band's image is too strong, they find it frightening. 'Oh I wouldn't mind seeing that band but it'd be all punks going . . .' With these they're not frightening."

Slade: "There's an element of our music that could appeal to everyone. Fashion's not the thing we're interested in. Music is."

Rob: "You can tell by looking at us. Stu's probably the most fashionable amongst us."

Stuart: "Doesn't mean I like Southern Death Cult though. It's just the way I like to dress."

As I slope away into a surprisingly warm Covent Garden sunset, Slade sums things up with a happy expression (but beware his smile . . . occasionally unnerving) "I can't imagine working with anyone else. Everything we do fits together like a jigsaw. We've almost got three separate departments to look after."

"All we wanna do is play live, it's what we do best. At the end of this tour we'll be devastated because it's what we live for. Touring's supposed to be passe but it's exciting, you meet so many different people."

I guess I was one of them, SPOTTY FOREHEAD AND ALL
OLD SHATTERHEAD

WHO WOULD YOU VOTE FOR AS...



PUNK'S PRIME



MINISTER?



Colin of Conflict



Wattie of Exploited



Beki Bondege



Animal of ANWL



Mensi of Angelic Upstarts



Charlie Harper of UK Subs

● We know that most of you hate politicians but if you had your choice, who would you put in Government as Punk's Prime Minister?

● Above are just a few suggestions but you might have a different idea who you think could run the country.

● Send in your vote for Punk's Prime Minister (postcards please) to Punk Lives!, Ballot Box, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

LPs

'PUNK AND DISORDERLY: 'The Final Solution' (Various) (Anagram).

THE TROUBLE with these compilation LPs is that by the time they come out, you probably have half the songs on it anyway. This certainly applies to this LP, the final part of a trilogy.

It starts with two of the best Oi type punk bands about, Abrasive Wheels and One Way System. 'Burn 'em Down' is typical Abrasive Wheels, the 'em referring to schools. Naughty . . . but nice! One Way System's 'Give Us A Future' is a cry for help from our rulers; 'Give us a future don't you let us down, don't you watch us drown, or we will put you down'.

A slight change of tempo follows, as the underrated Newtown Neurotics sing 'Kink Out The Tories'. Steve Drewett puts the Neurotics in the fore of the political arena, unlike many 'politics don't interest us' type bands. If three million jobless people don't interest you, well . . . This trio hit out at the heartless government and its closures of factories, hospitals and schools. As Drewett says 'Evil will triumph if good men say nothing' and finally 'Let's kick out the Tories, the rulers of this land, for they are the enemies of the British working man'.

The three relatively unknown bands all provide good tracks. The Destructors hail from Peterborough. A slow number is churned out all about under age sex. I think we better move on!

Are there any old Vice Squad fans about, still crying into your pint glasses about the demise of your fav. band? Well, cry no longer. Jo is the female vocalist with The Expelled. They are so much like Vice Squad you begin to believe it's Beki singing.

The Samples' (are they friendly with The Specimen?) 'Dead Hero' is a nice bit of work; 'War to end all wars' etc. The singer's gruff voice could be likened to Animal, but The Samples are minus the swear words.

Mensi brings us up to half-time with 'Woman In Disguise', one of the best tracks from the 'Reason Why' LP. It follows the Neurotics theme of attacking the government, particularly the Rt. Hon. Lady herself.

Side two brings us Wattie, good 'ole Charlie Harper and a certain Monkey. Viva! They're off. The Addicts debut single sounds as good as ever, one of those you never tire of.

'Computers Don't Blunder' is Wattie being Wattie. Over the speed limit stuff alright! But what is he saying?

From yesteryear come The Vibrators.

'Dragnet' is probably the slowest number on the LP, but it's also one of the best.

If it's speed you want without the Scottish overtones of Mr. Buckan, then how about Charlie Harper. He must be getting crafty in his old age, for he alone has two songs on this offering. They are 'Police State' from the Subs and 'New Barbarians' from the Urban Dogs; 'Police State' being the flip of the 'Shake Up The City (Self Destruct)' single. The Urban Dogs 'New Barbarians' is raw to the core. Both songs show there's a lot of life left in the old horse yet.

'Have you got 10p? Noooooh not me, sing The Elected, a merry enough piece clearing the path for the more serious stuff from Chron Gen and Action Pact. It's sad that a band as good as Chron Gen split before really achieving much success. All their singles were good, and this one, 'Outlaw', probably the best. Glynn Barber hitting out at fashion and cult warfare. A sad loss.

Two girls close the proceedings, George of Action Pact and Helen of the Violators. George has a powerful, but slightly squeaky and high pitched voice, 'Sulicide Bag' telling of the foolishness of glue sniffing.

Sadly 'Summer Of '81' is the only Violators single with Helen singing. She's now working under the name of Taboo. 'We've got a riot can't keep us quiet, this is our answer to your law'. Excellent. Hailed as the punk single of the year, and I wouldn't dispute that.

This is the best of the 'Punk And Disorderly' trio and well worth buying. Hardly a poor song on it, it comes in an attractive sleeve showing the fascist inclinations of the Thatcher government.

Oh yes! The first edition is pressed in crazy colour transparent vinyl, so move fast! PAUL CASTLES

CRASS: 'Yes Sir I Will' (Crass).

NO CRASS I won't. No Crass I won't be looking out for the next record if there is no alterations in their musical or lyrical direction. Crass might enjoy standing still but the question is coming into people's minds "What are they doing . . . and WHY?" No-one really knows.

The familiar crackling of guitar ruffles through the grooves creating an irksome atmosphere for everything else is familiar. Voices in Crass don't sing, we know that, they harangue. Drums are made to be played and they play them. I don't recall if the bass was used, it's hardly important. Listen Crass. I don't agree with the anti-Crass drivel that the likes of Special Duties endorse but it's obvious you're losing track. You're as safe and tame as any pop band. 'Questions In The House' mean nothing when the 'police' know you're no danger, no threat. You're just an angry safety valve for discontent.

This album's appeal is limited to Crass fans of long standing or brand new devotion. It says nothing new and the music is worse than ever, it stinks of COMPLACENCY.

When Crass's music returns to a well honed attack (where it would increase in energy rather than losing it, if that is what they fear) far more people would get into it. The Crass beliefs would spread and then they become a danger. Surely they're not afraid of the fight? OLD SHATTERHEAD

THE CREATURES: 'Feast' (Wonderland/Polydor Shelp 1).

ONE MORNING I awoke and found some strange Creatures had invaded the garden. There were two of them, a woman and a man dressed in barbaric garb, clutching bows and arrows. They peered warily out of the dense undergrowth which had sprouted along the railway embankment during the night.

The woman stepped forward and notched an arrow to her bow. She seemed to be aiming directly at me. Frightened, I drew back behind the curtains. With a malicious THUUUNK, a brightly feathered arrow embedded itself in the window frame. It quivered menacingly for a few moments. Eventually it was still, so I looked cautiously out of the window. The creatures had gone, but I found that a thin jungle creeper was

attached to the arrow. The vine snaked back down the garden and disappeared into the luxuriant foliage at the bottom.

Cautiously I began to reel it in. There was something attached to the other end. Eventually I held it in my hand. It was a record. I recognised the two figures on the cover, they were the Creatures I had glimpsed only moments before in the garden. Intrigued, I went over to the record player and put it on.

As the music began to unreel from the grooves, it spun a delicate web of illusion.

'Morning Dawning' — in a forest beside a river loudly running over the rocks, the sights and scents and sounds. A mournfulness, sorrow for love that is gone. Temple bells.

'Inoa'ole' — vision of mountains and hidden valleys. Drums and dancers sawying and chanting. At the foot of the mountains is a jungle.

'Ice House' — a brother and sister embrace amongst the orchids in a hot house. The perfume of the flowers overpowering in its intensity. A black rose frozen in a block of ice, slowly melting in the heat.

'Dancing On Glass' — blood on the glass, drinking and laughing, a couple oblivious to pain in the passion of their desire.

'Gecko' — Dazzling flowers and metallic insects. Reptiles and frogs, spiders and serpents so beautiful and deadly. A woman plays a flute at the snake entwining themselves around her limbs. Here nature is alive and powerful. Here man is not the master.

'Sky Train' — voodoo drumming, pounding and resounding. Fires in the forest.

'Festival Of Colours' — this is joyful, a celebration. It's warm and we are happy. Everyone is dressed in colours — splashes of reds and greens and purples and blues and orange and patterns as we dance on the grass under the trees.

'Miss The Girl' — in a clearing in the forest are the rusted remains of a car. Beside it lies a skeleton. A mystery.

'Cock Crows' — sounds all swirling around, a dance of fire, a song of rich redness. Dizzy with dancing, the world is spinning round, her voice echoes.

'Flesh' — back in the city, unpleasant party. It's 2am in a crowded room. Everyone is wearing grotesque masks, talking loudly trying to impress each other. Slowly collapsing as the cocktails congeal in a drunken debauch. The voices becomes those of animals.

The record stops, the illusions cease. I get up and walk across to the window. The arrow remains, an artefact of another awareness. But now the tower blocks on the horizon are wreathed in tendrils of green jungle creepers. The railway has become a river flowing. The pigeons are birds of paradise, in a sky of brilliant blue. The petrol fumes become the perfume of flowers. And beside a fire of music papers, the Creatures feast on the flesh of record reviewers.

UK DECAY: 'A Night For Celebration' — cassette — (UK Decay Records).

ALTHOUGH THE AB muttered something about prices being higher than they ought, the only place I know where you can buy this is Rough Trade (202 Kensington Pk. Rd, London W.11) for £3.30, which includes postage costs. Well worth it too, unless you can get it cheaper elsewhere of course.

That final gig at the Klub Foot and the last time some classic songs were heard. It seems odd that a band who had suddenly released songs like 'Testament' and 'Werewolf' (both on this) which was clearly the next step on, should stop when they did but that was their decision.

What you get is a sound as clear as a bell and performances that are mostly good and some really special. No-one who loved the band can miss this, if only to score the 'Barbarian' and 'Barbarian' tracks unavailable elsewhere. OLD SHATTERHEAD

FALLOUT: 'Home Killed Meat' (Backs F3).

TWENTY FOUR tracks long this album, some recorded live some hastily bashed out in the studio, but if you ever knew Fallout under their



WATTIE: what is he saying?

former banner of Six Minute War you wouldn't expect anything less.

Forerunners of the 'cram-'em-on' technique, their first two EPs boasted 17 tracks between them — the sort of records you buy because they seem good value, then leave them unplayed in little piles all over your bedroom.

It's a daunting plough through this, their first LP, quickly the ears glaze over and it's hard to keep the enthusiasm up as the speakers howl out endless varieties of the same punky tune.

I can't imagine playing this album, when I'd be in the mood for such a beast. You know, when you walk into your room, switch on the light and look at your records — "Ah, Fallout". Nay, nay, I can't see it; as for the next record up, The Ejected, I can't imagine even owning this grossly filthy. **TONY PUPPY**

THE EJECTED: 'Touch Of Class' (Riot City).

FAMOUS FOR about 10 minutes last year when they took the phrase "Have You Got 10p?" and turned it into an average punk single — here they show the same flair for notoriety by sticking three vaguely punk girls with themselves on the cover. Identify with the product kids, this is one for all you sherberts, all those who miss the Cockney Rejects.

Does anyone miss the Cockney Rejects? Ah yes, there's someone near the back with their hand up — give this album to him.

The music is pure UK Subs, except it's played with absolutely no spirit or feeling of good timeliness. Completely empty of any real substance, after playing it god-knocks how many times I still can't remember anything about it — thankfully the old memory banks put this experience on immediate erase. **TONY PUPPY**

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: 'Reason Why?' (Anagram).

ARE WE all agreed that the likes of GBH and Disorder are what Punk is all about? We are? Then this LP is a little too delicate for your Prince Charles ears. Go away, go away, for this is not for you.

The Upstarts have been around for several years and the band have now got a good sound, with clear, purposeful lyrics. The sing-a-long choruses are held together amidst good tunes, but still with the gut feeling that we associate the Upstarts with.

'Woman In Disguise' kicks off. It attacks an evil woman, for the evil things that she and her evil friends have done. The song is about the recession, unemployment and other social diseases the evil woman has spread over Britain, as casually as we would spread butter over bread. The evil woman's broken promises lead to broken pockets, broken hearts, broken windows and so on and so on. The woman's name is not disclosed. (Answers on a postcard.)

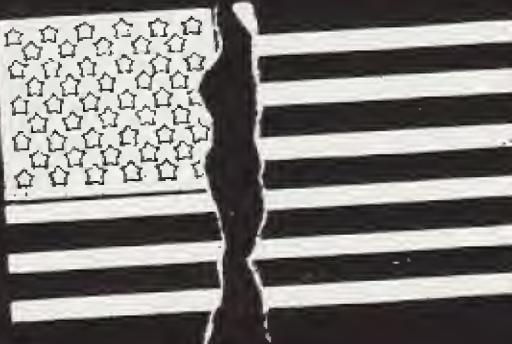
The constitution and laws of the land are verbally assaulted by Mensi in 'Never Give Up', with the Karl Marx cliché "you've nothing to lose but your chains" thrown in for good measure.

The title track is a none too hot attempt at Punk-Reggae, but the message rings true. A better than Crass effort, of an anti-Falklands song.

'Geordie's Wife' is a brave move by our Tom, as unaccompanied he talks his way through the decay of the industrial north. The story of a pit closing down, the despair of men; "Who's gonna employ you at forty and three?". The wife, Geordie's wife, consoling her man: "We'll work out something just wait and see".

The recent single, 'Solidarity', is the real masterpiece. The feeling of Mensi's voice cancelling out any need for drum bashing and guitar thrashing. The lyrics are from Mensi's heart. (Who said he didn't have one?) He calls for working people everywhere to support Solidarity. The words could be used in support of oppressed people everywhere: "Give them hope, give them strength, give them life".

The songs are so listenable they would scale the charts if done by a pop group. But then the Angelic Upstarts are far more than just that. And what of Mensi? What of him? He only speaks more sense than the whole of the Top 40 put together. Away the lads. **PAUL CASTLES**



US RELEASES BY LIBERTY VALANCE

MY MY, how time flies! Why, it seems like only yesterday that Wire were being hailed as minimalist pioneers for their 'Pink Flag' (1977) platter because it comprised 22 tracks, a scant 60 seconds some of them.

Well, a lot of water has passed under the bridge since then and now the new frontier has been reached (breached?), by a zany little combo from God-knows-where, USA named **Dirty Rotten Imbeciles** whose new EP (on Dirty Rotten Records) boasts 22, count 'em, 22 tunes in the timespan of 17 minutes and 38 seconds. Your long division doesn't have to be Oxford-class to recognise the insane situation this represents; we're talking about an average of 80 seconds a song here, fellas! Forget rockism, this is Wreckism, the true demise of almost everything popular music as we know it stand for, a sort of black hole where music is crushed into incredible density before imploding. Dirty Rotten Imbeciles advise their listeners to "kill your parents before they kill you" but, frankly, what chance does the average housewife and her spouse stand against four teenagers who sound like a removals crew on bad speed driving a van-load of pots and pans over a cliff?

All kidding aside, though, D.R.I. may be fast but they ain't stupid; their lyrics in particular are acutely concise and rich in observation. Take for prime example this excerpt from 'Balance Of Terror': 'A communist plan, it's all a plot/ And you're part of it if you think it's not/ We had an hour, now it's a minute/ You can't hide now, we're all in it.'; or try 'Closest Punk', a wonderful piece of sarcastic vitriol featuring this gem: "If your mother only knew you wear bandanas and boots/ Or that you traded your tennis racket/ For a camouflage jacket/ Those wraparound glasses make you look like a faggot." Classic angst ranting, all decorated with guitarist Spike's paranoid bee impressions . . . y'know, I'm really digging this stuff!

Runners-up in the racing stakes are **Poison Idea**, whose EP on Fatal Erection Records has 13 tracks pressed in clear vinyl, packaged in a great sleeve with Elvis on one side and Christ on the other to augment its 'Pick Your King' moniker. Again, the noise is that of a playground let loose in a gear warehouse and one must wonder what a place like Portland, Oregon, where these heroes hall from, does to a guy when he is driven to record music (sic) that accelerates terminally as if several electric jigsaws were running amok. Melody is nonexistent, lyrics indecipherable and the playing technique is severely handicapped so . . . what is left? Sheer manic panic is what; put away my wineglasses before they pop and help me reconstitute my inner ear etc. Why, I think hardcore of this calibre could supplant shock and primal therapy someday; it's not unlike having charged pincers attached to your spine and then being hung out a tenth-storey window by your ankles. Ever try brushing your teeth with a pneumatic drill?? Well, you have that surprise left! Wreck on!

Pew, let me get my second wind.

Okay, so now we arrive at Necros, from Ohio, another sunny outpost of so-called civilisation, who offer us their single on Touch and Go entitled 'Conquest For Death'. From a purely practical angle this record is a non-starter



because it's only two songs long and therefore poor value for money but I must admit that hardcore's moral conscience is casting a wide net when you can find a song defending the rights of the disabled, which Necros' 'Take 'Em Up' is all about. Unfortunately the music seems somewhat tame after the vicious battery of the previous duo of psychos but nevertheless it is a worthy contribution.

Wrap-up time, folks, and the privileged finalists this month are California's Vandals, who have a six-track 12 inch on Epitaph Records. Cast in the True Sound of Liberty/ Bad Religion (whose album 'How Could Hell Be Any Worse?' is one of the best hardcore longplayers available) Circle Jerks distinguished mould, Vandals boast in their press release of a great sense of humour and in fact these songs do bear that claim out. 'Urban Struggle' is a fun bit of Ramonic slobber, it even has a falsetto intro and silly Western theme send-ups running through it the music is high-class sub-pop. Vandals hark back to the halcyon days of punk, before the water passed under the bridge, when melody still had a place and everyone knew where to find it. 'Anarchy Burger' is even nostalgic, with its mock Pistols ending and self-consciously Steve Jones' fingerwork. Touching, isn't it?

And there you have it, sports fans, more black plastic for the gristmill. I might add that in America hardcore records are the fastest selling independent items and have been for some time so don't get the impression that just because I write with such engaging style about these records that they're in any way unpopular in general. No, hardcore, like death, taxes and concept albums, is here to stay. All I can say in conclusion this time is be careful, the ears you feel bleeding may be your own. See you down the road apiece.

"ARE YOU two boyfriend and girlfriend?" mumbled Johnny Thunders, as the miasmarised Dave Dickson and I parked our respective butts next to rock'n'roll's latest prodigal son. I mean, I told Master Dickson to go easy on the Boots cosmetic accessories — people DO jump to conclusions and it certainly ruined my pulling power. "No," I replied defiantly . . . "Ah shucks don't mind me, I'm just your typical American boy," grinned the monkey faced guitarist. "Do you want a vodka?" I liked him immediately. The booze arrived, and Johnny elegantly poured half of mine into his glass, thus asserting his dominant role in the ensuing three days.

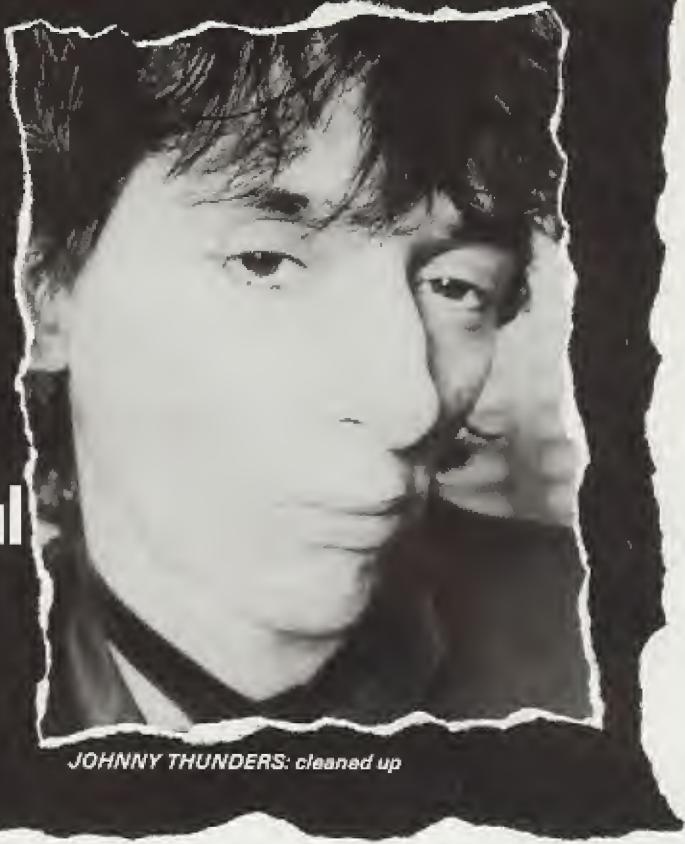
This was my umpteenth association with boy wonder, although he never seems to remember the previous meetings, but to my trusty partner in crime, a plush night club in Paris provided the setting for his first encounter. We'd mentioned to Johnny's current manager, a regrettably inclined German named Kristopher, that poor David was more than a little nervous and when Johnny learned of the problem he generously explained that plastic surgery would provide an ample cure.

Anyway, before I get carried away with yet another tangent, we'd better return to the beginning. Word reached those astute ears that erstwhile Heartbreaker and former New York Doll Johnny Thunders had cleaned up, had got another band together and begun a low key warm up for a projected major European tour. The setting could hardly have been better — Club Gibus, a tacky sleaze pit open 'till 5 am and perfectly content to serve drinks until such time as Johnny and entourage decide to head off to pastures new for further refreshment. Immediately the ball was set in motion for the first 'proper' Thunders feature in years and Dave Dickson, together with yours truly, happily trusted Punk Lives expense procedures and forked out the necessities. Three days and 40 international phone calls later, we found ourselves riding up the escalators at Gare Du Nord in search of a licensed bandit encased in the Parisian excuse for a taxi. In what turned out to be no more than five minutes walk, we parted with both cab and half our holiday money and entered the Limur Hotel to pay our respects to a reformed Johnny Thunders (so it said in the news letter) and his band of troubadours, Jerry Nolan, Billy Rath and token Frog, guitarist Henri Paul.

"Nick and Dave right?" Asked the half asleep New Yorker sprawled across most of a double bed. He took a slurp from a bottle of wine, sucked on a suspiciously large roll up and dramatically mumbled "Johnny". Dickson shit himself and I just managed to keep a straight face. Together huh? Certainly looks and sounds it, I thought to myself, but the events later that night proved my cynicism somewhat unfounded. Showtime was set for 1am, and the band, cheekily called Cosa Nostra, ambled out on stage just before two.

"Hey, I'm glad you got your country back from the Nazi's" the man exclaimed warmly, and launched into a devastating rendition of the classic 'Pipeline'. His guitar playing has always

The return of punk's prodigal son



JOHNNY THUNDERS: cleaned up

been faultless but this time round it's taken on epic status. What was initially an excise in archetype rock'n'roll guitar playing (which incidentally saw the light of day on the magnificent 'So Alone' album) was transformed into an anthem, a demonstration of the stuff legends are made of. A driving rhythm set by bassist Billy Rath and Jerry Nolan (who's been working with Johnny for over 10 years) provided a solid backing for the guitars of Thunders and Henri Paul, one a grinding powerhouse, and the other a whirlwind of searing riffs and spine chilling runs. The atmosphere was electric and the musicianship drank in the visual admiration thirstily.

Whatever condition Thunders may have been in earlier, bears absolutely no relation to the onstage persona. I've never witnessed such a change. What, one ponders, had brought about this revitalisation. Has he stopped taking drugs? Unlikely but also unimportant despite the concerted efforts of other less considerate rags. I was warned not to talk about drugs but I'm a stubborn so and so . . .

"I'm getting sick of explaining my personal habits to journalists. Half of them don't care about the music, they just want to know what I'm on this week. Probably drugs but that's no concern of the press. Listen, I'm serious about working, I want to do a big tour, Europe, Britain and with that in mind we've based ourselves in Paris. I want to live here for maybe a year and really concentrate on writing and recording. We're playing a number of gigs around Europe for the next few weeks, then I want to secure a deal with one of the larger companies and make another album. I haven't made a proper album since 'So Alone', which was five years ago.

But there are a number of albums around, 'DTK' was put out by my former manager Lee Childers and he had absolutely no authority to do so. Jungle actually released the record, and they've

agreed to work with us on promotion etc, so we're not going to take any legal action against. But Kristopher intends to institute proceedings against Lee. 'In Cold Blood' is marginally acceptable — that is to say there are no legal problems with it, it's just that the quality leaves much to be desired as the whole album comprises a live recording, and four very rough demo tracks I did with Jimmy Miller."

Despite the appalling quality of the studio section of 'In Cold Blood', the actual quality of the compositions stands out as some of Thunders finest work. The title track being a bouncy rocker, a symbol of the New York street scene, and two beautiful ballads, peaking with the touching romantic 'Diary Of A Lover' . . . "Some guys, they've got it/Nice and easy/Mysel/I think it's a breeze/Girls may come/And girls may go/They l-k up your heart/Don't you know/It's all because/They're so wicked". 'Memories of Peter Perrett to be sure but not quite the imagination of a drug crazed rock'n'roll outlaw?

"Ah, I'm just a goddamned romantic at heart." And I swear he blushed!

So the future looks a little more settled than in previous years. The band are experienced musicians, Jerry and Billy have been playing well over 10 years, Johnny nearly 15. Henri Paul, despite having notched up less years than the rest has been working with Johnny on and off since the late seventies and, according to Billy Rath, is fitting in very well. So it looks as if Thunders has found a line-up he's happy with, really for the first time since 1976. They are all more than eager to entertain us Brits and this time the whole country are gonna be treated. One final thing struck me, that as a musician, Johnny was remarkably reticent about his music?

"I ain't no musician, I'm an entertainer."

And I can't follow that. NICK KEMP

Young Blood



Major Accident were formed in Christmas 1977. The line up at that time was.....Paul Larkin, Dave Hammond, Shaun Newham and they managed to stay together for 2 weeks. The second line up was Paul, Con, Dave, and Craig Hammon, this time round they managed to stay together for about 6 months. The third line up was , Paul, Con, Dave, and Col Stevenson which lasted around a year. The fourth line up was , Paul, Con, Dave, Porky Stevenson and this line up lasted until February 1982. The present line up is.....

Paul.....Vocals.
Con.....Guitar.
Dave.....Bass Guitar.
Stu.....Drums.

Their debut gig was at Skene Park Youth Club and their whole set list consisted of cover versions such as The Clash's 'White Riot', a track which they still perform at gigs today for sentimental reasons (it was the first song they ever learned to play). Since they began to write their own material some of the earliest being 'Terrorist Gang' & 'Black and White' (now called 'Middle Class Entertainment'). When the drummer 'Porky' joined the band they started to get gigs with some better known bands such as Rudi, Inner City Unit & The Modettes. Just as they were about to embark on a large tour with yet another 'name' band Porky decided to opt out of the band for a while. Soon later he returned and the band entered the studio for the first time. Together they managed to record three tracks which were... 'Sideliner', 'Self Appointed Hero', and 'Terrorist Gang'. These tracks were aimed to be for their first single but due to problems with the studio this record never saw the light of day.

Cont. over page...



Both Major Accident and Corpse are reproduced from the Final Curtain fanzine.

If you are in a band and want some coverage in Punk Lives, send full details of all members with a picture and tape and we'll try to use it. Send to Young Blood, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1

The band then got round to more serious practicing and they resumed gigging which was punctuated by various other trouble with the drummers. Continuing their spell of bad luck Dave had an accident at work just as they were about to have a breakthrough. This resulted in Dave having to have his finger amputated. After recovering from the operation he then learned to play one handed minus one finger!

By now they decided that it was time that they recorded their album 'Haunted Melodies' and release it on their own label of the same name. It was recorded in Manchester at Birch Lane Studios on an eight track but the end result was disastrous pointing!

MAJOR ACCIDENT

Borgnine 1982 had been used, the top had been taken off leaving a really dull sound. It was obvious that this couldn't be used. The band then booked themselves into Neil Ferguson's Woodland Studios in Normanton, near Wakefield, Yorks for three days on his 8 track to record the album. The total costs came to £140.00. Porky left the band around April 1982 just two weeks before the recording of the album was due to take place but with an amazing stroke of luck they managed to find a new drummer who was Stu Lee who after five practices went into the studio for the first time.

A single, 'Marinette' was to be released two weeks prior to the album but the test pressing turned out so bad that it was unusable. By coincidence at this time A&R were interested via John Hewlett who flew to Teesside airport and went to see the band. It was felt that a new punk band would feel lost on a major label so he put 'Faulty' in the form of Derek Dennett on the band who eventually signed the band on a short term contract.

CON LARKIN (BASS).....Born in Belfast, co-principal songwriter/arranger. Influences in his own mind are Clockwork Orange. E. 1977-21.

PAUL LARKIN (VOCALS)....Age 19, Born in Belfast. Influences are Clockwork Orange, the Clash, and Newcastle Brown Ale.

DAVE HAMMOND (GUITAR)....Age 24, Born Darlington. Influences in his own mind are The Clash, 999, Co-principal songwriter, married with two kids (one to come).

STU LEE (DRUMS).....Age 24, Born in Darlington, married with one kid but divorced. Influences are Ian Dury and even Newcastle Brown Ale.

CONTACT.....c/o CON, 43 JEDBURGH DRIVE, WARRINGTON, CHeshire, WA1 9SD.

CORPSE

CORPSE are a 4 piece ANARCHIST PUNK band who formed in August 1982. The group consists of WEEDY - Vocals, GINGER - Drums, LANX - Bass, and HILLY - Guitar (due to leave).

One reason why we formed was to ease the boredom but the main reason we formed was to help spread the message of ANARCHY, PEACE and FREEDOM as we feel it's the only Alternative to the 'Shitty Society' in which we live in and are surrounded by.

Our lyrics are Anti-war, Anti-bomb, and against other things like Ireland, Violence, Politics, that we feel strongly about.

We've played various gigs around Winsford, Crewe, and Stoke including a gig with D.I.R.T., SEARS, and gigs with DEATH-ZONE, Political ASYLUM, D-I-E-K-T, and TWO FINGERED APPROACH.

We will hopefully be in the studios around late MARCH to record some great powerful tracks (well we think there good) We have got future gigs with the XMONEZ, and one with Winsford Peace Group, with more to come. (we'll play anywhere-anytime)

We would like to give Special Thanks to TWO FINGERED APPROACH for the help they have given us.

About groups we like the list is endless but we like the good old bands from 77' eg.. U.K. SUBS, GATER, CRISIS, RUTS and groups like CRASS, D.I.R.T., FLUX, The MOD, OUTCASTS, Sub-Humans, RUBELLA BALLET, Poison Girls, The SYSTEM etc... etc... Keep the FINAL CURTAIN going as FANZINES are a great thing we all agree with them

DANCING IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD
YOU WERE DANCING IT DISCO'D WITH THE MUSIC CARAVAN BEGAN
BUT YOU CANTHEAR DANCING IT DISCO'D WITH THE MUSIC CARAVAN BEGAN
HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY YOUR BRAIN
DANCING IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD, JUMPINT PAYA DAY
DANCING IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD, HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY YOUR BRAIN
THEY'VE DESTROYED YOUR ANXIETY, HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY YOUR BRAIN

THE VIBES AND CHAMPS

A PUNKING INSTEAD OF
A PUNKING INSTEAD OF A DREAM OF POWER
A PUNKING INSTEAD OF THE AMERICAN DREAM
THEY'VE DESTROYED YOUR BRAIN, HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY YOUR BRAIN
THEY'VE DESTROYED YOUR BRAIN, HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY YOUR BRAIN
NO LEADERS TO FOLLOW, NO FUCKING LEADERS
NO LEADERS TO FOLLOW, NO FUCKING LEADERS
A PUNKING INSTEAD OF A DREAM OF POWER
HAD A PORTUGAL BLAST TALK AWAY THE FINNE DREAM
I'M VIBES AND CHAMPS



FOR INFO
CONTACT
CORPSE

228 CROOK LANE,
WINSFORD,
CHESHIRE,
CW7 2EJ.
(S.A.E.)

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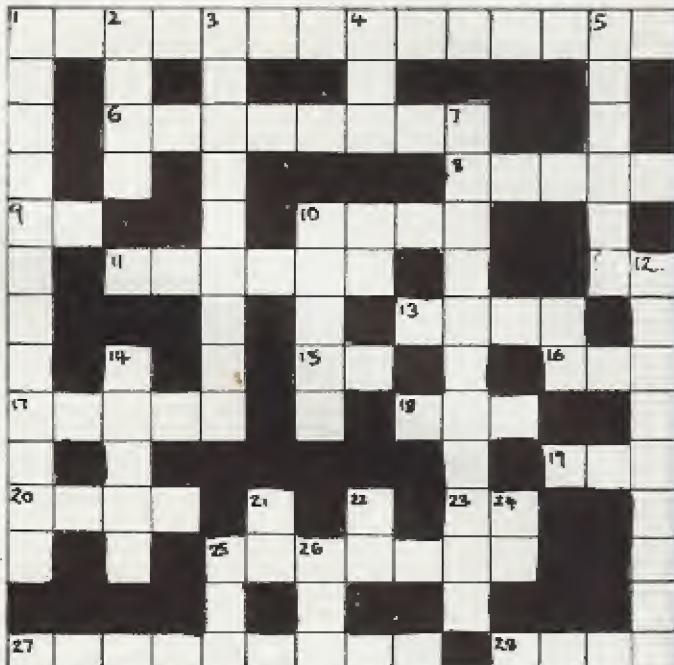
JAILHOUSE ROCK/
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CLAY 24

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Xword



Xword sent in by Gideon Cheney of Carlisle

ACROSS

1. Jello's Medical Disasters (7,7)
6. Clash's Weapon (5,3)
8. In Control?, Not (3,2)
9. . . . What?
10. Watties Daily.
11. The League's Song For Us. (3,2)
13. Partisans Race
15. Subs Or Decay
16. GBH Prefer Their Women Like This
17. Subhumans Youth Addicted To These?
18. He Did It His Way
19. Damned Rodent
20. All Coppers Are Bastards
23. Bushells Idea
25. Vice Squad Hope They've Seen The Last Of These Lot.
27. Discharge Uncontrolled
28. GBH's Boy Not Well.

DOWN

1. Exploited Sum It Up (5,3,4)
2. Pasti Or Sect.
3. UK Sub's Girl.
4. Hated Police Group.
5. Blitz Encounter These At Night.
7. There's No-One Left According To GBH.
10. Pistol's Iggy Cover.
12. Discharge Retaliate.
14. Sub-Error.
21. Feelings; Fun; Future.
22. Short For Dead Kennedy's?
24. Elvis Dead?
25. Test-Tube Go Like Hell.
26. Exploited Sung Of A Cop One.

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Plastic Surgery; 6. Tommy Gun; 8. Out Of; 9. So; 10. News; 11. For You; 13. Arms; 15. UK; 16. Big; 17. Drugs; 18. Sid; 19. Rat; 20. A.C.A.B.; 23. Oh; 25. Rockers; 27. Decontrol; 28. Sick.
DOWN: 1. Punks Not Dead; 2. Anti; 3. Tommoway; 4. S.P.G.; 5. Razors; 7. No Survivors; 10. No Fun; 12. Fight Back; 14. Human; 21. No; 22. DK; 24. Is; 25. Run; 26. Car.

GBH

SUNSHINE SUPERMEN

Alf Martin stays out after dark. Erica Echenberg see the light through her lens

AS LUSCIOUS lens Erica and I pointed the trusty but very dirty motor South and head for Brixton's Ace Theatre, she gives me instructions that it would be best if the pictures were taken before the interview with GBH so that she can take advantage of the beautiful sunshine. "I need the light," she keeps repeating.

So, as all hacks would say, a good picture is worth a thousand words, so I'll let her have her way.

No security men or jobsworth on the door as we cruise into the arena of the dyed, shaved, greased and lacquered bounces. It's a spectacle of colour that you want to stare at but are afraid to keep looking in case you get a bunch of fives across the mouth.

Singer Colin is climbing down a ladder as we approach the stage,

continued over page



GBH

from page 17

sweat pouring from his brow as he greets us. It looks as though he's been helping to erect the huge GBH backdrop they have onstage.

Polite as ever luscious lens asks Colin if she can take pictures before it gets dark. She's thwarted at the moment because the band want to do a soundcheck before anything else.

The wait begins as more fans enter the arena sprouting longer and brighter hair. Wilf the drummer pounds away, making sure he's gonna be heard when it comes to the real thing. Guitarist Jock, with new mohican hairdo, looks so different I wonder if they've got a new member in the band. And shy, retiring Ross hides away behind the PA system.

This isn't the only time he slinks away. When the soundcheck is over Erica puts on her sweet and demure voice and herds them outside to get the shots you see here but . . . no Ross.

Wilf goes back to get him. Jock does the same and in the end my gentle persuasion gets him into the sunlight. Perhaps he's a vampire and afraid to come out in the daytime.

Well, Erica got her light and her pictures and off she trots with a smile on her face and a glint of sun in her eyes.

Later, after Colin fixes the guest list for the loyal fans, we clamber the backstage stairs to peace and quiet, I start the questioning straight away before anyone else distracts him and ask who the new single, 'Catch 23', is about.

"Promoters," he says running his hands through the 10 inch spikes on his head. "We've been ripped off in the past and the song is about two particular people. One of them owed us money but in the end he gave us all the GBH merchandise so we can sell it ourselves and maybe make some of the money back but we'll still lose out."

Some of you may be aware that GBH have just made a full-length video that will be available very soon. Why did they make it?

"Well it was really for Discharge. It

was shot at a live gig in Stoke and they were also recording an album but it hasn't come out too well for them but was great of us, so we decided to put it out. At the moment we're not sure how much it's going to cost but we want to keep it as cheap as possible so that our fans can afford it if they want to buy it."

These GBH boys might assault your brain but they sure ain't gonna assault your pocket. They are one of the bigger punk bands, do they see it leading anywhere?

"Oh yeah," says Colin, "it can only get better. There's a lot of good young bands coming up and new fans all the time."

Are they making a living?

"Just, but I do hope to become rich and famous. All I really want at the moment is enough money to have a drink and a smoke every night."

So do they want to get better or just make money?

"Both," is Colin's obvious reply, "one follows the other, the more successful the band becomes."

The conversation drifted on to TV programmes and the lack of punk on the box. Colin says that the 'Tube' and 'Switch' looked as though they were going to do something different by covering punk bands at the beginning but in the end they just ended up falling into what Top Of The Pops is, and as his slow, Birmingham drawl gets lost in the hiss of the tape, Wilf joins the conversation. "It might change when they see this film that Stewart Copeland, of Police has made called 'So What'. But I suppose it depends how they do it. They could show the seedier side of it."

Colin: "Like that documentary about skinheads, the people that saw it only got the fascist side of it. Instead of showing him talking about beating up old ladies, they could have shown some of the normal things he does. Not all skinheads are like that, some of them are great."

With the election only two days away, I ask Colin what he would do if he had a chance to run the country, what would be the first thing he'd do.

"Abolish politics! I wouldn't want to make the decision for millions. I don't want to preach to people. We don't even do that in our songs, they're from personal experiences. I'm not even going to vote but Jock's voting Labour." Wilf chips in that he's probably more of a Liberal. "I would vote for the Monster Raving Loony Party," claims Colin, "but they don't have a candidate where I live."

What kind of encouragement can they give some of the newer bands that support them round the country?

"I think by just letting them play with us inspires them. That's how we started in Birmingham."

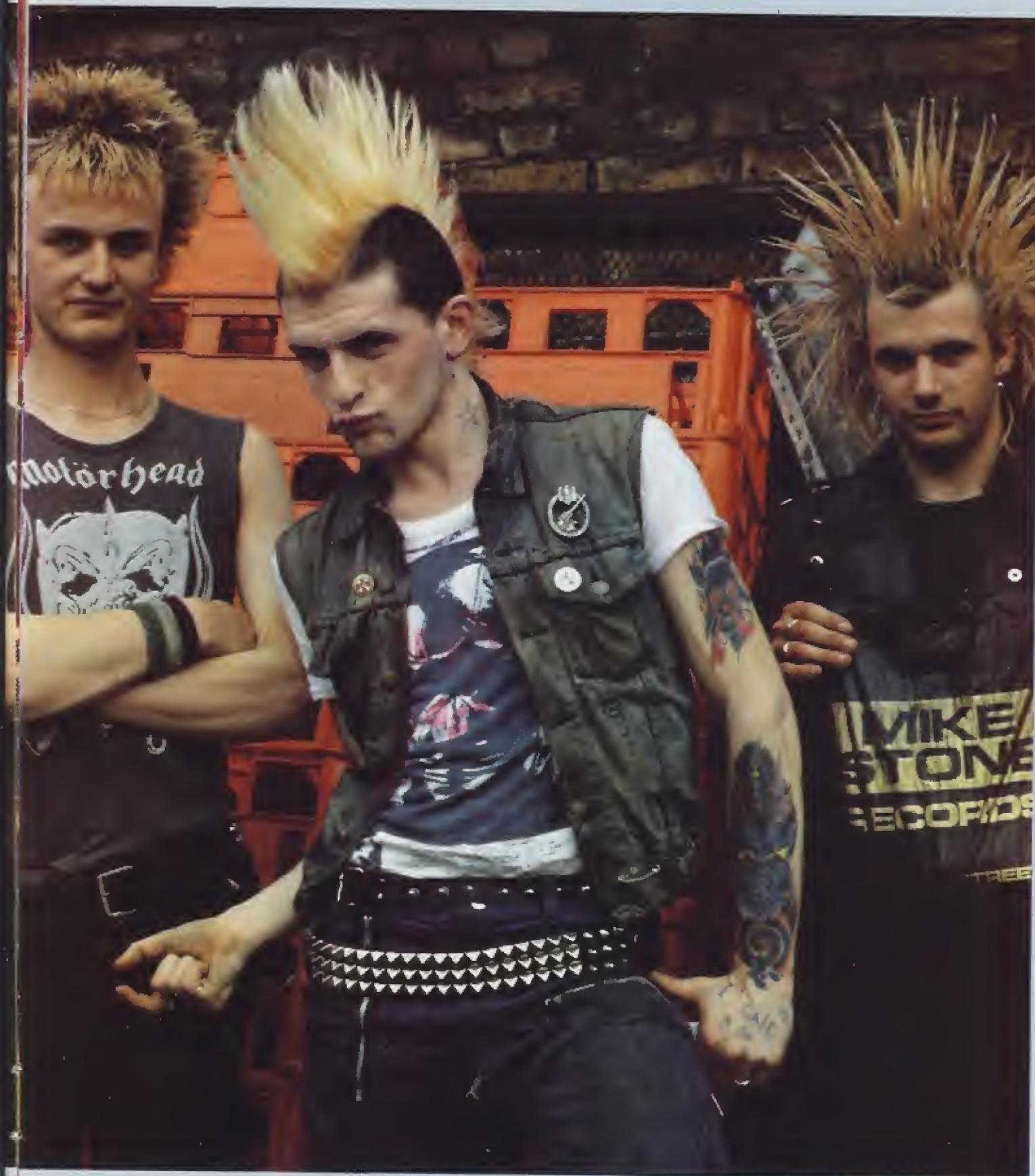
"Some of these bands complain about the lack of venues," says Wilf, "but even we find it hard to get places to play. This place is good but some of the ones we've been to are no bigger than this room (small dressing room). The trouble is when we play bigger places some of the fans moan because it costs more to get in but everyone has got to take a more professional approach. I like playing bigger places because you can put on a better show, have a good lighting rig, a good PA and room onstage to move about. When I go to a gig I like to see a good



show. I don't want to go to some cesspit, standing shoulder to shoulder all night and have their sweat dripping all over me and the stage is made up of old biscuit tins."

With the ups and downs of punk over the last couple of years, there have been numerous personnel changes in bands, what keeps them together?

"It's because we're mates and we play well together," says Wilf. "We've never had any great musical differences because we've all got the same tastes. Plus we knew each other



before the band started."

What about the new breed of punk bands that have come along, do they think they could be left behind by some of them?

"A year ago I would have said yes," says Wilf, but Colin makes a different point. "When we got our first single out we were dead chuffed because it was an achievement but nowadays it's so easy, people can go and make a record tomorrow."

"We're not worried about being left behind," pipes in Wilf, "because we've

got a very dedicated and loyal following. We have people travelling all over the country to see us, coming to every single gig. People from Newcastle, Halifax and even Belfast."

People have criticised GBH for just being a thrash band, what do you say to them?

"We're not," says Wilf, "people who say that obviously haven't listened to us. That's because we play at 100 miles an hour but if you slowed it down, 90 miles an hour, there's a lot of tunes there. Our new album, that will come

out later in the year, will have a lot of good songs on it. Even a bit of melody."

The sun's gone down now, Erica's probably in the darkroom but GBH are off to sunnier climes soon. They've got a tour of Spain coming up and in July they are off to America and, after that they'll record the new album. The tentative title, 'City Babies Revenge — A 1000 Ways To Kill A Rat' follows in the theme of their previous albums. Maybe it will be at 90 miles an hour or 100, we'll wait and see.



ABRASIVE WHEELS

Abrasive Wheels, who recently signed to Clay Records, released a double A sided single last month. The tracks are the classic fifties rock and roll number 'Jailhouse Rock' and a self penned song called 'Sonic Omen'



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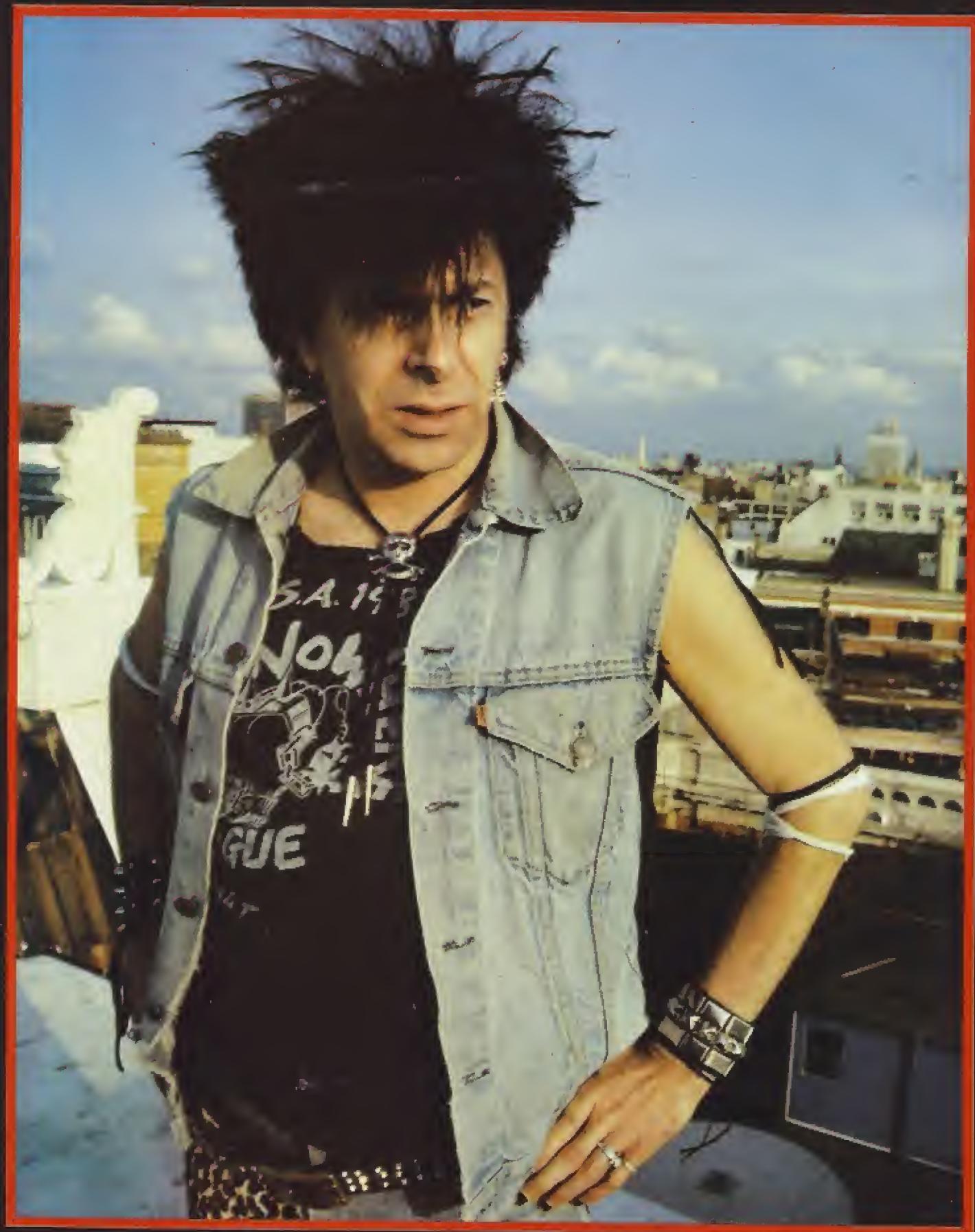
Just cos they come from Dagenham,
don't mean they ain't got class. The
Effecteds, who have a new album out on
Riot City called 'A Touch Of Glass',
obviously don't have to go up West to
plot up their hits. All they needed to
do was wander round the East End
and promise girls they could get into
punk lives and they came running.



IGGY POP

pic by Eric Eichenberg

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE



Well hardly, but Charlie Harper is still bubbling at the ripe old age of 39. Paul Castles pulls out the corks and Justin Thomas snapped the pic.

THE BLACK fingernail polish is applied with meticulous care, the hair is treated with a device designed to give a rasta look, a touch of hair lotion is carefully applied. We're backstage at The Lyceum, and I've come to interview Charlie Harper.

The U.K. Subs are touring constantly these days. This is the way it should be. Charlie "enjoys it." "I'm happier now than I've ever been, in any band."

If they've not been up your way recently, then bolt your doors, they're on the way. They also intend to play Scandinavia in July, Germany in September, with a US tour planned for the end of the year.

Don't you get a bit bored playing songs like 'Stranglehold' every night (give or take one or two) for six years? As it's only about a minute long, they don't, it's a hard song to play (that's their story!) and they hardly ever get it right anyway.

Also in the Subs dressing room are a couple of Subs, a few roadies, plus the occasional soul wandering in and out.

The Polish tour was cancelled due to "political unrest," but eventually went ahead. Apparently the Subs were given a great reception, "We were treated like the Rolling Stones," with champagne and crowds of 10,000. (Is that an exaggeration Charlie?)

Quote of the month: "England is in more of a state than Poland" — Charlie Harper.

The conversation wandered from gigs to records. The band are enjoying themselves so much at the moment, that they'd find it boring taking three weeks off touring to record an LP. They'll be in the studio though, on June 22 to record a single, which will be out near the end of August.

I was going to ask Charlie what he thought of the other bands off the 'Punk And Disorderly' LP, until he said he didn't know who was on it.

Well, who does he like? Brace yourselves: The Damned, The Meteors, The Vibrators, Anti-Norway League, Angelic Upstarts, King Kurt and anyone with humour. A special mention should be made of US rastafarian punk band Bad Brains, who Charlie and friends constantly raved over.

Charlie was unaware that he had two tracks on the 'Punk And Disorderly' LP (Subs 'Police State' and 'New Barbarians' by the Urban Dogs). The latter includes the following line: 'We don't need no warpaint on our face.' What does this refer to? Is it a highly provocative, scandalous attack on the so called positive punk groups? No. He does in fact rate highly the Sex Gang Children and The Specimen. What is 'New Barbarians' all about then?

"It's about how we're still uncivilised, still barbaric. We're not f-k-ing civilised. We are savage anyway, and we don't need warpaint to prove it." Moving onto less grave matters . . .

What of the media Charlie, the music press? "I never invite any media people to our gigs. If they want to come it's up to them, I have a distaste for the music press. Punk rock was supposed to revolutionise things. It doesn't need papers."

Oh dear! What of that up and coming, highly informative magazine 'Punk Lives'. Relief. He likes it; starts rambling on about the Mansi piece in No. 5. He likes the photos, and praises its professionalism. Thanks Chas. Nice one.

What about the other side of the media, the one with the off switch. "TV doesn't want to know. It's all big business. They may have the occasional punk band, so that they can turn around and say look, you see, we do cover everything."

I thought I would be topical and ask him about June 9. "Yeah, we're playing Stockport! In a way I want the Tories to win, to shut out the GLC. I love the clubs, and the GLC are trying to close them all down. I'll fight for rock 'n' roll." Well, said I, what of the GLC sponsored CND festival where The Damned played, and also the low bus and tube fares. Charlie agreed with these things but said he just "Wanted to defend the clubs."

"Six years on and nothin's changed, kids on the streets in leathers and chains. 'The Business' — 'Loud, Proud And Punk.' Has it changed?

"The great thing was, that when punk started all the talent in rock 'n' roll was in punk. Now there is so much of it it's hard to find the good stuff. People like Glen Matlock (ex-Pistols) and Rich Kids used to write some great songs. Now he's in the London Cowboys. Success spoils people."

Does that apply to Adam? "I thought the Ants were great, I always knew they were going to be big. Adam worked hard for his success. He was totally dedicated. Everything he did or thought about was to do with the band. He always wanted to be a star and I knew he would be. Now he is, he's got everything he ever wanted."

Do you begrudge Adam any of his success? "No, not at all. I couldn't cope with all that. I love playing The Marquee and the 100 Club and I couldn't play places like that if I was a star. I want to keep the Subs small. As long as I'm with the Subs I'm happy. I can get arseholed, I've got more drink, drugs and women than . . . I get to go all around the world free. I saw Adam briefly recently in Florida. He's doing fine."

"With the Subs we're trying to turn a negative situation into a positive one. Instead of just sitting on our arse. Everyone can make something of themselves."

Why the Urban Dogs Charlie?

What purpose do they serve? "The Urban Dogs is a little extra pocket money for me when the Subs aren't touring. With the new Subs line-up we're touring practically non-stop, and there is now no need for the Urban Dogs. The Dogs were just some gigs to do when the Subs were off the road. With the Urban Dogs line-up it's really hard to find a moment when we're all free at the same time anyway!"

The other Dogs include Turkey (from an assortment of bands) on drums, and Knox (of the Vibrators) on guitar. Noise from all quarters echoed round the dressing room, in praise of the drumming ability of Turkey.

The Subs are now as big a British landmark as Nelson's wotsit. How much longer will the wagon keep rolling? "Why should I give up? I'm 40 next year, I don't want to, I can't do anything else. The world's going down the drain and you've gotta try and do something about it!"

"The sad thing about this country at the moment is that kids, everyone, has to cheat to live. There are people on the dole who earn an extra £30 a week by playing in a band. They're then having to cheat the Social Security, not telling 'em about the band, and people then call them scroungers."

Admit it Charlie, you're a rich old man, with acres of land, a mansion, and a Rolls Royce for every LP you've made. I jest.

"We don't make a lot of money at all. In the old days we used to tour with the full get-up. Massive lorry, big PA, lights, the lot. The record company didn't give a f-k. They just wanted to preserve their image. Say 'Look at us. Look at our big bands'. These days we travel in our 'mobile unit', a run down old van. It nearly broke down last night, coming down from Manchester."

At this point general chatter broke out, about the shithole they call Salford, with more windows broken, than not. Getting back to the world of commerce, finance and lots of reds.

"I've got about £15 in my pocket at the moment just enough for some booze. These days we travel cheap, in the van, and we often hire the local PA. We don't really stay in hotels any more. We often kip down at the support band's place. They normally get shitted up, and sod off, and we've got the place to ourselves." At this point hilarious laughter ensues.

The Subs change labels, like the rest of us change underpants.

"We've just set up our own label, Fallout. Our own record company don't mind, but they won't put any money into it."

What about entrance fees? Tonight's gig is £3.50, which for a lot of punk is a bit close to the knuckle. To be fair to the Subs with a night like this, the admission fee is a bit out of their hands. Over to you Charlie.

"We can't do a lot about it. In future we're hoping to keep it down to £2, which is a nice figure. We often arrange gigs for £2 and get there to find out they've charged £2.50. They say they do it to cover the cost of printing posters" . . . Back to the Subs.

"We're much more professional these days, more so than ever before. The whole attitude, the roadies, the lot. We are completely professional."

How about T-shirt rip-offs and such like. "Yeah, we're hoping to start a U.K. Subs tuckshop to take on the road with us, selling T-Shirts and stuff. We want to make them ourselves and then we can charge £2 or £3 instead of £4 or £5. It'd mean taking on two or three extra people to run it. The Subs effort to get three million people back to work."

Idle gossip followed, which included a rather interesting piece.

"I met this French girl. She came from really rich parents, used to be a ballet dancer and all that. Then she went downhill and her parents disowned her, so she became a striptease girl. So I wrote a song about her. A few months later I met her end I told her about the song. We played a gig at The Marquee. She came along and when we played her song, she got up and did the strip. She then writhed around on the floor, which was pretty dirty (the floor!). When she got up she had a black arse." At this point chaotic laughter broke out, and a roadie gave me the second best quote of the month. "I didn't know where to put my face!"

Well, millionaires they're not, ripped jeans Charlie with leopard skin patches holding them together, well come on, hardly Bowie is it?

Charlie is in love with the Subs, and I think he always will be. You can just imagine when he's in a wheel chair, being wheeled on stage, grabbing the mike. '123,456 I've got a song and it goes like this'.

Gigs

**CONFLICT, ANNIE ANXIETY,
HAGAR THE WOMB, VORTEX,
DESTRUCTORS, DRILL,
SYSTEMATIX.**
Ace Cinema, Brixton.

AN ANIMAL Liberation benefit — the hordes were turning up early and congregating on the grassy knoll across the road from the Ace from about 4.0pm onwards, transforming the immediate vicinity into something resembling a large and spiky punk zoo.

As DRILL came on and played their way through an uninspired set of noisy bashings their anger washed over and away leaving little impact. I wandered amongst the assembled leather jackets wondering what would be the band to spark them off — not next band up **THE SYSTEMATIX** either, so it turned out.

With lengthy introductions to their songs, dedicating each one to a seemingly inexhaustible list of their mates they played with more spirit but less prowess.

The best word to describe them would be *superficial*, what you heard at first blast was all you got — 'No Publicity', their stand out song, didn't even raise much response. When even your mates don't applaud you know you're in trouble.

Then came **HAGAR THE WOMB**. Clambering onstage they start with their most infectious song, 'Dressed To Kill'. The loose and loping rhythm typifies their stance; the twin female vocalists sing in harmony but their real appeal lies in the way they seem to almost fall apart.

And the songs are punchy, memorable, singalong-type chorus's lift you up and out with a smile on your face and cheer in your heart. Another good performance then from the Hagar, the surprise being in the crowd response. They went wild, storming the stage half-way through the first song, leaping about, cheering until finally it becomes impossible to see any of the band. When the stage is cleared they continue to dance, half the hall erupting into a bopping mass for the set's duration.

The luckless performer following into this spirited Hagar-inspired atmosphere is **ANNIE ANXIETY**, who seemed lost onstage without her usual props. Her rant/poems with the taped noisy backing weren't exactly what was wanted after Hagar, and Annie was too nervous to be her usual charismatic self. A pity, when she left the stage few people realised she'd even finished — there was a surge to the front and it was time for **CONFFLICT**.

Coming on in the middle of the bill was a novel idea, and they livened up the proceedings, running through most of the album without a pause.

Playing harder and harsher now, they sound more like Discharge than before — an edge of intent shining through the hard sound; the boiling, surging effect of



SEX GANG CHILDREN: join in the celebration

their tunes shows an inspiration in there that other, lesser bands often try to copy but never get close. It's a shame more bands forget the all important joyous feel in all their hard-core heavy-chord rock.

And living out my every word come **VORTEX**, who play the loudest, most heavy-metal punk I've had the misfortune to hear for a while. Hearing their demo-tape before the gig I expected their tunes to be more intricate, have a bit of melodic interplay 'tween guitar and drum but no — a solid crunch as they launched into 'Rock & Roll Part One' only ceased with their set's end.

In shell-shock I make for the exit, speeded on my way by **THE DESTRUCTORS**; who take **VORTEX**'s set, chewing it into smaller lumps and spitting it back out in virtually the same order. I was not alone, the hall emptying rapidly as **THE DESTRUCTORS** ran through their fantasy of being rock mythology incarnate.

Thank god for **HAGAR THE WOMB**. —TONY PUPPY

SEX GANG CHILDREN/PLAYDEAD Gala, Norwich

A DARK tunnel, with hundreds of savages despairing, their songs are of the darkness, for that is all they see. But some of the savages get bored with watching their wounds grow. They claw through the tunnel, and into the light; for they are the warriors, the positive punks.

They wear colourful garb, paint their faces, and they multiply. They are the offspring of the early warriors, the first ones to claw out of that tunnel; Adam (who was eventually sucked back in even further), UK Decay and Theatre of Hate.

Their banners carry the names of Blood and Roses, Brigandage, and the Sex Gang Children. As they crawl they get stronger, so they can walk, and then march. Heads held high, in the knowledge that they are warriors, they descend, and tonight the

Sex Gang Children have marched on Norwich.

Hearing the Sex Gang on vinyl is a daunting experience. The twanging lead guitar, the vicious drums, each strike on the skin giving the effect of a kick in the head. But what of them live? First things first.

The support band, Playdead, tended to do just that after a while. The ponytailed Mohican of singer Rob, is not the only resemblance they bear to the Southern Death Cult. Rob's apache-style war-dance is a mirror image of Ian's, the S.D.C. vocalist. Musically the band are similar to Killing Joke. The constant drumming, and evil-like bass, leaving little room to escape. I think Playdead could go on to better things, but a spice of variety please gentlemen?

Sex Gang took the stage behind a curtain of dried ice and S.L.F. style classical music. The tribal-type drum beat sent everyone at the front into wild dancing, with arms flying and feet stamping. Sex Gang are very reminiscent of the Ants, in the days when an ant was a warrior, not an insect. Similar drum beats, but Sex Gang are far heavier, and more powerful. The warcry yells are also from the book of Adam, as is the warpaint. But there the comparisons must end. For where Adam sings of pirates and dandy highwaymen, Andi sings of things that only he really understands.

His screeching vocal chords are similar to Kirk Brandon's. But whereas Kirk commands from the centre of the stage, Andi is like a spinning top out of control. Arms flailing he covers all the stage, very much the centrepiece.

The highpoints were the singles, old and new. 'Into The Abyss', 'Cannibal Queen', 'Sebastiane', and the magical 'Song And Legend', with its rabble-rousing chorus.

Experiencing a Sex Gang gig, it is easy to appreciate why people call their gigs a celebration rather than just another gig. Make no mistake, they are far more than just another Punk band. They have pride, power, imagination, and these ingredients make for a great band, especially live. This is The Crack Up. PAUL CASTLES

HAVE YOU MISSED THEM? (DON'T BE A DUMMY, GET THEM NOW!)



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No. 4. Featuring: *Dead Man's Shadow/Southern Death Cult/Attak/Black Flag/Beki Bondage/Angelic Upstarts/Newtown Neurotics/Johnny Rotten/The Blood/Kirk Brandon/Peter And The Test Tube Babies.*



No. 5. Featuring: *The Mob/999/Mensil Chaos UK/Gymslips/Action Pact/The Damned/Urban Dogs/Brigandage/Charlie Harper/One Way System/Blood And Roses/Look Back In Anger/Lords Of The New Church*



No. 6. Featuring: *Kings Road punks: Attila The Stockbroker; Anti Nowhere League; Wendy O Williams; Serious Drinking; Chaotic Dischord; Birthday Party; Alien Sex Fiend; Action Pact; Conflict; Siouxsie; Infra Riot; GBH.*

Listen 'ere you lot, you don't wanna kick yourself for missing out on the previous issues do ya? There are still some copies of earlier issues of Punk Lives left. If you missed them and would like to get hold of the copies, send £1 for one issue, £2 for two issues, £3 for three issues, £4 for four issues and so on. Send £1, £2, £3, £4 etc, which includes post and packaging (remember to put in your name and address), to Punk Lives, (Back Issues), 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

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FANZINES

PERHAPS THE poxiest testament of fanzines is their lack of real interviews and the lack of pointed questioning. It comes over as all smooth, all accepting and as I can illustrate that shouldn't be the case.

In **PRODUCT** fanzine (Issue 1) there are features on Victims Of War, Riot Clones, Action Pact and Sub-Culture which follow a fairly sane course but for some reason the interviewer entertains Combat 84 and doesn't once question their clear racist overtones. IF YOU DON'T QUESTION IT YOU ARE

Anyway, on to better fanzines immediately. Most of the fanzines received this month fall into two distinct areas. Established zines well into their stride and a brace of new issues.

The problems of new mags is obvious as they know not how to achieve what they actually want. **HAVE A GOOD LAUGH** fanzine (15p - s.a.e. from Trev, 57 Briardene, Burnmoorfield, Newcastle Upon Tynel features All Over The Carpet, The Destroyors, Uproar, and includes short histories of several other bands. With reviews scattered about they have managed to get a good sense of spirit into the mag although the layout is unavoidably dreary. Signs of life though, which is also the case with **BLOWN TO BITS** No. 1 (25p + s.a.e. from Bazzy, 33 Ronaldshay, Widnes, Cheshire). The only thing dragging this mag back from really entertaining and informing is the ludicrously wasteful layout. Vast empty spaces exist and some of the photos casually take up a whole page when a reduced photocopy would do. The signs here are good though and regular issues would help. Most fanzines you just know are not going to survive and with the stencilled non-inspirational types this doesn't matter. I would like to see mags like Blown To Bits, who are dealing with their own areas (main feature being a Beki interview), getting the chance to develop but some of them make no effort. They stick with six question postal interviews and just tell us blatant (BORING) facts. Imagination is sorely lacking with many.

JUGULAR VEIN No. 1 (30p + s.a.e. from Rough Trade) at least tries to vary its questions and with Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Instant Agony, Attak, Chaotic Youth, Special Duties I'd expect the issue to sell very well.

What is wrong however is the boring way these fanzines come over. The writer takes no chances and doesn't even try to inject personality into them, one interview seeming very much like another.

ARTIFICIAL LIFE (from Rough Trade; 30p) reaches issue 4 and is one step on from these fanzines in that it reduces its type to fit more in. Its layouts, whilst still very basic, include plenty of visual distractions and the interviews are personally done and very long. Danse Society, Capt. Sensible, Sisters Of Mercy, Cocteau Twins, Colour Box and Flux Of Pink Indians. So there's variety as well. (Exploited fans beware!)

SUICIDE . . . NO, MURDER! No. 1 (15p from Rough Trade) is an odd one. It's tiny, half the size of normal mags and bears the proud title, "A World Punk Collective"! Intrigued I paid up and read through it. B.G.K. (Holland), Upright Citizens (W. Germany), and articles on New York and New Jersey. Disorder (U.K.) and a large (for them!) article on Punk In Finland. The printing quality drifts from slightly legible to a mystery quiz but it's one of the most impactive things I've read for ages in this anarcho-punk area.

DIVINE PLAGUE No. 1 (30p - s.a.e. from 71, Earlsgate Winterton, Nr Scunthorpe, South Humberside) features an avalanche of bands but best of all there's humour too. There's also

the info sheet I wrote for Action Pact reprinted so it can't be bad can it? Definitely worth buying, with D.M.S., Action Pact, Blitzkrieg, London PX, Membranes, Cult Maniac, Why Is Valerie Afraid, Destructors, Castrators, Reviews galore . . . DO IT.

For a mere 20p and a s.a.e. from Sadie, 55 Viceroy Court, Dunstable, Bedfordshire you get one of the most enthusiastic and innocent little zines, **NOTHING FORMAL**. Based around Luton and with local sneers they rely on general articles with a sprinkling of gig reviews. Undemanding but quite cute really.

OK. Onto the big boys! **ATTACK ON BZAG, STATE, THE ROX, RETURN OF THE NAIVE** and **VAGUE** (King of Kings).

And damn it all we do need humour and character. There is no way you can enjoy mag after mag that has no style, no individual style. It takes a body to make the point not a skeleton. **ATTACK ON BZAG** is half way there with its fourth issue. Cartoons and general rumbustuous drawings are dotted around articles on And Also The Trees, March Violets and The Sisters Of Mercy. It's a wee bit sketchy but it's on the right road (20p + s.a.e. from 1 Granby Grove, Leeds.)

RETURN OF THE NAIVE this time around is littered with postal interviews that always drag an eventful fanzine down. It certainly doesn't even come close to the previous issue BUT is still miles better than most of the drossy mags around. This issue contains The Septic Psychos, Death Pop, Swiss Music, Heretix BC, Twisted Nerve, Ridicule, The Kind Dead and Famous Impostors with the usual gallons of reviews, particularly albums. Well worth squeezing 25p out of your margarine lined pockets. Slap a s.a.e. in with it and hope the postman doesn't have a heart attack before he reaches Flat 6, 11 Cross St, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

STATE Issue 6 is still free which should have you greedy cats slathering at the very thought. It appears to be entirely postal in its interviews but so what? These ones appear to work. There's Brigandage, A Fire A Flame, Screaming Dead, Cruel Eye Studies, Action Pact, Crown Of Thorns and Flux. Shortened reviews are lobbed into the pot and it takes ages to read. What more can you ask for? Your s.a.e. must wend its way through the postal system until it lands on the mat at 4 Newlyn House, 1 Berhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Ahah Blackpool Rox has turned into **THE ROX** and why not? Why not indeed. It's bigger, it's crunchier, it soaks up vomito like nothing this side of a secretive use of Lady Di's dresses at Royal Parties. Their main effort here has gone into a wholly unproductive 'Interview with a legend', the crumbling old ruin Richard Hell. A History of The Cravats, masses of Blackpool news, a few mouldy reviews which always include good descriptions. There's an interview with The Self and that awfully jolly Swells character unrolls yet another poem to which we all nod and then nod off. ROX for 30p from 53 Anchorholme Lane, Blackpool, LANCS.

And so to fanzine of the month! The new **VAGUE**. A special Southern Death Cult issue which will be an acquired taste (acquire it you dozy retard!). It's flashier than before, with a glossy cover, it's more expensive than before (40p but cheap at half the price) and it's getting better than before. Its only drawback is the S.D.C. bit which will alienate possible infanticides. With Tom in his current mood it's the best Vague there's been for my money but if the space allocations had included several other bands think what it would have been then!! But then that's for the next issue, so fear not.

Slap the forty pence and s.a.e.'s to 'Butcombe', Castle St, Mere, nr Salisbury, WILTS. Here's what you get. Fanzine round up, UK Decay farewell, an anti-Bushell article (brilliantly conceived . . . blush, blush!), Danse Society, The Dancing Did, Anti-Work suggestions, The Biggest Death Cult interview this world has ever known, 13th Chime, Anti-drugs, Crassypoo, Perry's cartoons at a usual high, a few snippets on things and that demented old jerk Iggy Pop. Heavenly, heavenly. DR SYN

GUERO



THE FITS: pretty frie



Interview
by
DR SYN

FITS & STARTS

WELL THEY'RE one of these bands who have been around a while and you're bound to have heard the name, maybe even snapped up a record or two but whatever their status in your life their own presents certain problems. Many, many bands reach the two singles, one album plateau but then what is there beyond? The Fits are lucky . . . they've just signed to Corpus Christi. All together now . . . fukey bastards!

Mick (the singer with a playing card in the brim of his hat) and Steve (the guitarist a demon of the pool table (no-one would believe me if I said that I let him win)) strolled into London and we visited a small drinking house where many stories were told and at least half have to remain secrets for the band's own safety. Let them then start with a story of just one gig, a typical evening in the life of The Fits.

All the speech you hear (sorry, read) is from Mick, unless specifically stated otherwise. Steve sits back and observes.

"There's this bloke with leg warmers on, roller skates, sputnik hairstyle, really one of the hardcore lads. Red cheeks and peroxide hair! We went on, we're really dancing around and the stage fell through! There's a big hole . . . and this crowd around us. I watched fighting spread, the whole place was fighting, seig heiling and all that shit. I thought do we stop or do we carry on? It was National Front hitting people for dancing. Afterwards I was speaking to Alvin (Lee, not Stardust, one of the Subs) and he said we did the right thing carrying on. Cos otherwise you're the scapegoat and they start on you. It was dreadful, I was watching The Subs and this bloke . . . I'd given 'em some stick from onstage, knocked the NF . . . he comes up behind me and blows on the back of my neck. I looked round and he had four blokes with him, so I moved away and he did it again. It was six of 'em now. In the end I climbed

up on top of the PA speakers and hid up there.

"We met this girl who let us kip at her house. She said she had four beds. Twenty five kids outside the gig all five miles from home. We were broke. They gave us a quid each to give 'em a lift home. Took 'em home. Drove back to her place. Should've seen it. Four beds! . . . that's all there was . . . no mattresses, no legs, no carpet, no wallpaper, no windows. When we got in there's these blokes shagging these birds downstairs! One bar fire. Good laugh like but you should have seen it. Rick the bass player's dead effeminate, skinny and that and the next door neighbour, a male prostitute is trying to cop for him.

"Subs were good to us. Gave us 40 quid out of their pocket at Manchester, 20 quid at Swansea, Glasgow . . . Scottish audiences are the best, wild, they just have a good time. They tied my boots together. I had to take my boots off, ripped all the leather. They're throwing cigarettes on stage! Then my trousers go, me shirt . . . I ended up in my underpants and studded belt and there's a guy up on the balcony pulling me up by my hair! If you're known and you go to Glasgow and they like you, it's brilliant."

(I'd hate to think what'd happen if they didn't like a band!)

"We did the Marquee . . . shitting ourselves but it was good. Some bloke afterwards said he'd never seen people dance to or give an encore to a support band before. Thing is, if you do a prestigious gig and it's good you get lazy.

"Everything's building up for us now. We know we can play and we play well. We know we're a good live band. You don't know that so somebody's got to tell you. We've got press, it's just starting to build up and we need a manager now. That's why we're lucky getting on Crass because they'll help a lot . . . and we've got a tour Duncan's sorting out. He's good for getting us small clubs but we'll need big support spots to get to a bigger audience, so we need management badly."

How did the Crass deal happen?

"We'd started looking for someone else since the album really. We were thinking, 'How will we get another label? It must be really hard!' I got a number off John Robb of The Membranes. He said, 'Why don't you try Crass?' So I rang up and spoke to Penny Rimbaud, I said 'We're doing the Subs tour' and he said 'I know' and I thought, 'This guy knows about us!' He said, 'I like your stuff, I like your lyrics', none of which are political by the way, we just write about what happens to us. Rondelet were interested. We went to see Mike. First time we ever went down to them he gave us six copies of our single and 12 badges . . . 'Oh thanks a million, really appreciate it!' No way are we signing with him. He doesn't know about it yet.

"We signed to Rondelet (this was a couple of years ago—Ed). We were on Lightbeat but they're even smaller time than Rondelet. We were the second signing after Anti Pasti. Two days after we signed we were playing Hull! Then the manager went to America and didn't tell us we were playing Middlesborough and the Rainbow and about four other gigs on the Pasti tour . . . we were sick. Mind you, when I think back to what we were like then with the old line up I'm glad we didn't do it. We thought we were good but we weren't."

He starts reminiscing about the early life of The Fits . . .

"We used to be so big in Blackpool but we were shit. We used to jump around and have more enthusiasm. We'd f-k about and have a good laugh and people'd f-k about and have a good laugh with us."

You can't have been too bad if Steve wanted to join.

"He didn't know us (he turns to Steve) . . . Your boyfriend . . ."

Steve: "My boyfriend!"

Mick: "Your brother's girlfriend . . . sorry."

Steve: "Edit that bit!"

Mick continues . . . "I went to meet him at a school and he's waiting at the wrong school! He was going round Leyton and

Andy the old bass player walks across a zebra crossing in front of him. If Andy hadn't walked across that zebra we wouldn't exist now. It's right though. We thought we were ace. We were terrible." (The newest members of The Fits are Tez on drums and Rick on bass.)

Mick brings up the matter of a band we cannot name to compare how some bands pretend to be.

"We think of ourselves as pretty friendly. I don't understand bands who come over as stars. We could come in here and go, 'We're the f-king Fits pal. We're the best f-king band in the world' but it wouldn't be right."

Plus I'd be out that door in two seconds flat.

"Right."

Mick's enthusiasm for appraising their gigs knows no bounds but it doesn't come over as arrogance so no enormous heads limiting audience sizes. It's simply clear that he thrives on gigs.

"We are one of the best live bands. You see so many bands and they just stand there and go through the songs. When you go to see a band for the first time you don't really listen. You can get the odd bits here and there but you're really watching a band, so you go and watch a band for the first time and they might have some brilliant songs but you've got to have something onstage for people to go, 'Oh they're really good!'"

Mick has put 'Jumping Jack Flash' on the juke box. It flares decrepitly into life at this precise moment, pleasing Mick (easily pleased we cry) as this song is covered by The Fits.

"It's good, everyone sings 'It's alright now'. This punk/Heavy Metal crossover is shit. Punk's about energy and excitement. You go and see these big rock stars acting like superstars, strutting up and down the stage . . . go and see The Subs and you see a show as well as good songs. I don't think punk's dead but a lot of bands haven't got a clue."

I ask Steve whether he likes the song which is still polluting the atmosphere.

Steve: "Not wild about it."

Mick: "You've got to respect the band. They've been going 20 years."

Jagger's an entertainer."

Mick: "Yeah! Yeah!"

Well so's Liberace. Jagger looks like an American housewife.

Steve: "That's right."

Mick: "He's got charisma, like Adam Ant had."

Adam was better than him.

Mick: "Well I'll give you that."

My Dad's got more charisma than Jagger. It's only because you recognise him. If someone else did that it'd be pathetic. It's vile, an odious sight, a horrible spectre of the past . . .

Steve: "They don't give a f-k really."

And they don't do anything.

Mick: "But I can't see me in 10 years time doing a 9 to 5 job. I couldn't be a postman, I couldn't work in a factory . . . no chance. So, say we go for however long we go, I can't imagine not being in a band. I can't think of anything else I want to do but be in a band . . ."

The record finished and Mick trailed off, his medium vanquished into the jukebox, replaced by Michael Jackson.

The Fits stand poised to do something or other. Their last single 'The Last Laugh' EP was an improvement on their previous work, although not quite my kind of thing but I think the Corpus Christi affiliation will bring far better things out of them. We shall have to wait and see. One day whilst we munch toast in front of the fire a lone rider will gallop into the courtyard, the hooves loud upon the cobbles. He appears to be foaming at the mouth but it will later be ascertained that he'd been eating yoghurt. As he brings his trusty steed under control and the neighbours come out to see what the excitement's all about he will hold up a white label copy of The Fits next album and announce, "It's a cracker" and then fall exhausted from his saddle. We burn his clothes and send him home embarrassed.

**DR. SYN looks
back at the
career of
Penetration**



*Penetration:
Pauline
Murray,
innocent at
first*

LEAVING A HOLE

IT'S A funny thing this 'looking back' business. My girlfriend was quizzing me over what the point of it all was, wasn't it just a waste of space, was anyone interested, wasn't it possible that people know all this anyway?

Possibly they do, maybe it's wasteful, maybe retrospectives are regressive but when I hear that some people don't know that Captain Sensible once played bass in The Damned and when you see so many people going for punk bands or records that owe more to thundering mass attack than tunes, I think anything to achieve balance helps.

Penetration were an innocent bunch at first. Four fresh faced youths from around the Newcastle area that were one of the first non-London bands to become live favourites around London in the second half of '77 and strangely enough one of the few bands who never quite broached the charts whilst heavier sounds did so (perhaps that will always be the way?).

I first saw them supporting the Vibrators (only marginally less boring than now) and their committed enthusiasm for punk shone through. Little Pauline bouncing about in a sweater, sweating like a little pig, Rob Blamire swaying like a pine tree on bass, Gary Chaplin decidedly non-punk in image casting off some fine guitar lines and one of the best young drummers that ever existed, Gary Smallman, thumping away with style as well as power.

After their glorious set me and Jorn, who did Panache fanzine, swept backstage to thrust copies of the mag at them and to ask them many many things which the years have since erased from my memory. It came as quite a surprise to find them rather shy and unaware of their blistering brilliance. Their fans, who's travelled down with them, made up for it by being ridiculously noisy and we sloped off but the love affair in my mind had started and Penetration were part of my beliefs.

Old Dodgy Wilson had them on the 'So It Goes' show, a film clip from that Manchester Electric Circus gig, Pauline being drenched in water by some idiot in the crowd and other people hammering the imbecile into the grimy floor. Pauline with that unusual hunched shoulders dance and the piercing developing vocals. Character and defiance. This is what it should be about. This was what it was about before the 'Second Coming', which was in fact the third wave (Crass et al were the fourth and these Apocalyptic johnnies the fifth) with daft old buggers like Jimmy Pursey.

Their first single was 'Don't Dictate' / 'Money Talks', released on Virgin Records. Both insanely commercial in many ways but deftly arranged moments of power. Great words in sympathy with rebellion and disdain of the capitalist world, with a fine production job but funnily enough the only record that featured Gary Chaplin on guitar. It seems that touring was not for him and he left to be replaced by Neale Floyd, already an ardent fan of the band. He it was who twanged the

strings on the lively follow up, 'Firing Squad/Never'. Once again our ears played host to those familiar breathy tones and a flair for individuality. They unravelled long motifs and actually dared to do a slowie! Gasp, gasp everybody. Half the punks today don't even know the meaning of the word. Pace yourself children, it's Daddy talking.

The album when it came was a right balls up. 'Moving Targets' was for some reason pressed on supposedly luminous vinyl. Why we asked? WHY, we ask to this day. Did we really need to see it in the dark? Could we find any excuse for the hiss which dominated the record as it played upon the deck? The band themselves were highly peeved and sent a letter denouncing the project to the music papers which did their relationship with the mothership Branson no good at all.

Hold hard, I feel a flashback coming on. BLIP. I saw the band around town playing various venues, thrilling the crowds and eventually moving on from tiny places to big jobs after there was trouble (people going through glass doors or bottles being thrown, depending on the reliability of witnesses!) and thus it was that I came to the Lyceum in '78. Thus it was that I saw Fred Purser their additional guitarist with a foolish head of hair like a lion's perm mane strutting his stuff opposite the (years ahead of his image) Neale Floyd. The resulting sounds in many ways serving only ill to the band and their future.

The gig itself was a bit like the album was to be, PATCHY. If only it could have APACHE.

The album however has some stunning moments. For me the slowest of them all, 'Reunion', was the best with a chilling self observed tale to tell about the way people drift apart. Hardly sensational subject matter but well told indeed. 'Movement' was pretty nifty, 'Free Money', an old Patti Smith song, came over well and songs like 'Silent Community' and 'Lovers Of Outrage' transferred reasonably well from being stage favourites to non-dosers on the record, whilst others disappeared down manholes under the strain of carrying so many Purser Heavy Metal disguises.

Whilst the band themselves were busily falling apart, Pauline certainly developed as a songwriter, singer and performer, her fragile stage presence becoming a little (but only a little) assured.

Rob Blamire went on being a great bass player and Gary Smallman a drummer ahead of his years. Floyd and Purser battled on and all but drowned each other out.

There were three final singles, 'Life's A Gamble/VIP', 'Danger Signs/Stone Heroes And Vision (live)' and 'Come Into The Open/Lifeline'. As far as I recall . . . and it is a long time ago . . . 'Danger Signs' which had a 12 inch alternative, including an extra live track, just brushed the charts but then it was too late.

The band went off to America and this seemed to be the final moment for Pauline and Rob Blamire who teamed up together within the band and survived its ultimate collapse. America had seemed pointless to Pauline and she hadn't liked it. Furthermore when they returned they were required to knock out an album before time for Virgin, the slipshod 'Coming Up For Air'. Perhaps "and drowning still" should have been added to the title. It was far from inspiring, although Pauline's vocals carried it through.

Penetration played the Nashville and Newcastle and that was it. One of the finest potential bands disappeared in a puff of smoke and we were left with nothing.

An odd thing happened before Pauline Murray and Rob Blamire resurfaced as Pauline Murray and The Invisible Girls. An album entitled 'Race Against Time' appeared on an unnamed label, although the sleeve bore the mark 'Clifdayn'. It was half demos from '77-78 and half live performances in Newcastle from '78-79. And it brought it all back, the glorious early moments, the punk that embraced pop spinal chords and the live performance in a way bearing the same pointers. There they were, half straggling and half lethal. Nothing ever went truly right for them and it's a shame . . . BUT.

Pauline and Rob bounced back and although their album charted in some strength their contract fell through with their new company. Their singles that I managed to acquire were 'Dream Sequence', 'Searching For Heaven' and the unpublicised 'Mr X' with the interesting 'Two Shots' on the B-Side. They had moved on, they were experimenting with sound and sounded fresh as a daisy.

But again, infuriatingly, they ceased to be. Pauline gave up and turned her back on music, becoming a housewife. Or did she? There are many things I would appreciate feedback on if anyone knows.

Fred Purser went on to Tygers Of Pan Tang and who cares. But surely musicians as enterprising as Neale Floyd, Gary Smallman and Rob Blamire haven't just vanished. What did happen? Does anyone know. Please write in to me at the Punk Lives address. Gary Chaplin the original guitarist formed another band at one time called Jump Club with, I believe, his wife on bass. I saw them once and then they seemed to disappear. Naturally enough they too hinted at great things.

If you ever decide to dig out some old Penetration records I'd suggest the first two singles to catch them at their most abrasive and 'Moving Targets' the debut album and 'Race Against Time' which feature the whole confusion together.

Happy hunting.

OUR BACK PAGES

A PICTORIAL LOOK AT EARLY PUNK

The eyes have it. Not as mean as he first appeared but Johnny Rotten (Lydon) could still pull a mean pose whenever he wanted.



IF YOU
HAVE ANY
EARLY PICS
THAT YOU'D
LIKE PRINTED,
SEND THEM
TO US AT
PUNK LIVES,
'OUR BACK
PAGES'
60 EAGLE
WHARF ROAD,
LONDON, N1.

PICTURES BY ERICA ECHENBERG

Graffiti

PUNK LIVES is a sell out. It's plastic, something designed for safe punks. Anyone reading your magazine would think punk was all about music and dress. Well it isn't, it has a lot more meaning than that.

Some of the bands that appear in your magazine aren't even punks and that's probably because a lot of punks wouldn't appear in something that's financially backed by a millionaire.

I'm also surprised at how many bands people regarded as honest have appeared in it. Once they offered hope now they're fat and content, and only in it for money and publicity. Punk is and always has been an underground movement. Punk is alive when your commercial punk is dead.

I hope this letter is printed as it echoes the true face of punk. Farouk Sidat, Blackburn, Lancs.

I'M WRITING on behalf of Blitz. When I first heard 'Razor In The Night' and 'All Out Attack' I said to myself Blitz are it, they're the best band on the street.

I bought every record they produced, I paid £1.40 for 'Telecommunication' by Blitz and it sounds like something from my sister's Duran Duran LP. It is the biggest heap of crap I've ever heard and a lot of Newcastle punks think so as well.

So Blitz, if you're reading this the next time you're in Newcastle don't disgrace 'Dingwalls' by going there, piss off to Tiffany's. Ben Heatley, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear.

I'D JUST like to say well done to Dave Needham for his views on what punk is about. Although I'm not a punk, I do like the music and I definitely thought his views were correct. Most of the punks I know are fakes. Punks should be original and not do what their mates do. I would like to see more interviews with bands, especially upcoming ones. Sara, Aberdeen.

LATELY I have begun to wonder why you bother publishing the magazine. The pictures are old and boring. Please could we see some pictures of SLF, Blitz, UK Subs, Anti Pasti and features on '77 punk such as Skids, Sham 69 and Ramones. You put in pictures of punk groups that nobody has heard of and the less content value the magazine is the more the price seems to go up. I have nothing against Beki Bondage and Vice Squad or her music but do we have to see them in Punk Lives all the time? So less garage land punk and more of the true punk please. Chris, a '77 punk, Newport, Gwent.

HELLO THERE, you asked people to write in to you about local bands etc and our views on "punk". So here I go. Punk Lives is outrageously overpriced for what it is — I don't think whole pages should be given up to pics of one band. Why not more info, lyrics, interviews etc, either cheapen it or use the space better. The layout is good but all this penfriend and crossword stuff is very dull however helpful it may be.

To me punk is rebellion, not conforming or being part of the bullshit music industry ie independent labels, zines and cheap gigs. I'm also sick of the word oi! It's all punk and

punks shouldn't need different names ie Anarcho, Cultish or Oil — punk should be a caring movement where fans and bands should mix freely without stardom. Punk is ours, let's keep it that way.

There are three local punk bands in Cheam, 'The Lost Cherries', who have a single out on Riot/Clone Records and are good. They are strongly anti-vivisection and are very original. Their EP is called 'No Trouble, No More Fighting, No War' and has six tracks. Another band, 'Panik', are just drunks and are one of the most original of the local bands I have seen. They are totally wild, sing about smelly bums, drink, more drink and being nicked. Last but not least my band 'Warning', we are more laid back and a bit hippie (I hate using that word) and we do stuff about war, violence, anti-drug songs and loads of stuff and we believe in love.

I have been a punk since '76 and to me it's time now to be positive and to do what punk set out to be, to change, to show that anyone can do it. Please print this letter, because every band like 'Panik', 'Lost Cherries' and 'Warning' should get a mention because we are what's happening in small towns everywhere.

If anyone wants any info on any of the bands mentioned write to Nuts (Hit Ranking Zine), 29 Summerville Gardens, Cheam, Surrey SM1 2BU. Enclose a SAE, ta. Andy, Cheam, Surrey.

Hii! I thought I'd better write to see if you could possibly relay a bit of info for us via the 'mag'. Basically we'd just like everyone

Two more drawings to ogle at. Ollie of Taunton in Somerset sent in the blatantly sexist pic and says: "print this in your mag and to hell with sexism." The Dave Vanian of the Damned drawing is by Craig Hornby of Eston, Middlesborough.



to know that Complete Confusion have cancelled everything (namely the new single and tour) until the end of summer, due to our moving from our home town of Hereford to London, as we were totally 'out of reach' in the midlands.

Our singer Laura and myself, Ashley (drummer) are already living here but due to financial difficulties, namely being on the dole, our bassist Russell and guitarist Kersh won't be able to join us until about August time.

But never fear, when we do re-group we'll be going into the studios to do a new single called 'Brother' for Inspiration Records plus a possible tour supporting 'Gene Loves Jezebel', who are close friends of ours. **Ashley of 'Complete Confusion', Pimlico, SW1.**

I AM writing this letter in anger, having been a fan of punk since '76. I find it very disturbing when reading Punk Lives that so many people slag down the groups that made punk, like the Clash and The Damned. I have seen both bands on several occasions and they are just as good as any other band around today. These people who write these so called letters are just plastic punks who know nothing about music.

Peter Bassett, South Shields.

IN REPLY to the letter in issue No.5 by David Needham — he said he wanted 'Punk Lives' to be a newspaper style format like 'Sounds'. Well, if that's what he wants why doesn't he buy 'Sounds'. They give more coverage on trendy bands which this blockhead should stick to. Anyone who slags GBH and the League can't be much of a punk. He wants bands like Southern Death Cult and Gang Bang Children to get all the coverage saying that no one listens to 'em 'cause they sound different. Can he be surprised? They look and sound crap. If this is what punk is about — wearing make-up and singing like your balls are trapped in a vice — you can stick it. Fair enough punk is supposed to be different but surely you can be different without wearing nice pointy suede boots and eye liner. What's the matter with studded jackets and 8" spiky hair instead of all this clean shaven stuff. When he says punk's not dead 'cause some of us refuse to be led. Who is he having on — led by what, Southern Death Cult? My god, we'll all be wearing flares and slippers next. **Robo, punk with suss, Darlo, Co. Durham.**

I RECKON I'm gonna have a mental breakdown soon! Is punk dead? Whatever is the world coming to? Nidge and Mackie leave Blitz, and Blitz become new wave/futurist or whatever. Helen and Coley leave The Violators and The Violators (plus new recruits) follow along the same lines as Blitz. Could it be because both groups are now on Future Records, record at Strawberry Studios and are produced by Chris Nagle? Finally, to top it all, The Partisans and Vice Squad split. I'm becoming very disillusioned. Cheers for a great mag — something decent to read and relate to at last. A quick suggestion — why not have a page of punk news to tell us what groups are doing, what their new releases are, whether they're splitting up or signing to Future Records — know what I mean? **Kaz Ellis, Bexhill On Sea, E.Sussex.**

SCHNEL JOHN here, I have been living in Germany for the last three years and playing in the band 'Out Of Order' whom some people have probably heard of. Well, I'm in Britain now and putting together my new band 'Out Of Our Heads'. We've

already got one single out called The Riot EP but I don't think it is available in Britain, but now I need a bass player and drummer who want to join me and the singer to go to Holland to live, play and record, or anyone else who wants to come for a laugh (especially a couple of foxy punkettes. The scene is really good over there and anyone interested will certainly enjoy themselves. Keep the good work up with the magazine, it's ace.

Anybody interested please contact me as soon as possible at **82 Sussex Gardens, London W2 2HT.**

I AM writing to thank you for a great picture of Action Pact in issue No.5. Please can we have more on Cherry Vanilla, Beki Bondage, The Defects, The Plasmatics and The Partisans. I don't think you have mentioned any of them yet. By the way, any female lookalikes of Beki Bondage or George of Action Pact please write to me, if you're into punk. **Graham, 55 College Road, Margate, Kent.**

SO-CALLED 'punks' have written to your magazine calling it 'a mag with a difference'. But you're exactly like 'Punk's Not Dead' — a rip off. It's more like shit than positive punk!

What you're doing in effect, and you know it, is promoting the traditional image of punk and trying to recreate the atmosphere of the '70s. All this 'Where were you in '77' is just proof. Who wants the Sex Pistols all over again? Forget them. It's time to move on to the new and real constructive punk with bands like Zounds, Flux, Sub Humans, One Way System, etc. If punks want an image why don't they create one of their own instead of all trying so damned hard to copy other peoples? I'm pissed off with ignorant punks glue sniffing in front of everyone for the image of it and trying to be what they are obviously not. Hypocrites. Like the punk who tried to tell me Crass encourage punks to wear leather jackets — twat! All this, 'Yeah, you'd look really smart in fishnet tights and a black plastic mini skirt.' How about punks accepting other punks for what they really are and not their appearances? If punks are anarchists, surely it's the attitude and not the look that counts! **Bee Jay, Exeter, Devon.**

HELLO PUNK Lives, just finished reading your 'review' of our single and all I can say is what a load of bollocks. So the cover shows us posing in front of somewhere in BATH does it. Well, for your information that's the THEATRE ROYAL, in NOTTINGHAM and the first track on the EP is NOTTINGHAM PROBLEM not BATH PROBLEM — get the picture? The EP is called 'Nowhere To Play' not 'Join The Army'. And while we're at it, what's this about F-k The System? Is that supposed to be our other single? Not only have we not got a song called F-k The System, we haven't got another single out either. There were four tracks on the EP, which lasts for more than 10 minutes, did you get a two track copy or were you drinking too many pints of beer to notice NOTTINGHAM PROBLEM and NUCLEAR ATTACK?

Never mind F-k The System, f-k DR SYN and Tom whoever they are. After all that, thanks for giving us a review, coz nobody else did — I'm still mad though. **Gaz, Resistance 77, Derby.**

I HAVE heard of The Membranes and, being the proud owner of a couple of their very exciting records, was pleased to see them getting a little more coverage. The music press seems loath to take notice of

what is, without doubt, one of the very few proper rock'n'roll bands around. Unfortunately, Dr. Syn has succeeded in giving your readership entirely the wrong idea about The Membranes. Having seen the band in concert three times, having read interviews with them in other organs and having had the dubious privilege of meeting Dr. Syn a couple of times, I would be very surprised indeed if the Membranes rather than the good Doctor (a.k.a. Mick Mercer) were the dozy party present at this interview.

The Membranes, as countless fanzines and not a few bigger rags can attest, have plenty to say for themselves. It's a pity that Syn couldn't be arsed to interview them properly. Still, the day will come when the Membs have taken their place, up there with Gene Vincent, The Velvets and The Clash, in the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame; by then nobody will remember Syn's shoddy feature, or, most likely, "Syn". **Jolly Bob Brezhnev, Manchester.**

Hi, I'M a skinhead, I think your magazine is good, but there again there isn't enough skinhead in the mag. How about having some 4-Skins, Infa-Riot, Last Resort, Red Alert, Blitz. Then if these were published I reckon your mag would be great. And if you did I think a lot more people would buy it. **Jimmy Gardiner, Co. Durham.**

WE THINK that every penny spent on Punk Lives is a penny wisely spent, especially when The Damned are featured in it. We thought the pic of The Damned and interview with Rat were ace. We also think all the pics in the 3rd edition of your wonderful mag were great [especially The Damned and Captain Sensible]. The Rubella Ballet feature was fab as well. So keep up the good work, mate! **Debbie Midleton, Tricia Griffin, Andrea Gleadhill, Anlaby, Hull.**



I'm in a band called Peroxide and we have been going for about three years. Our beliefs are strongly against the mindless slaughter of animals in laboratories and we also feel Britain should be a nuclear free zone but I think CND is just a load of money making shit. We are Gez on vocals; Lyndon, guitar; Trunt, drums; Lish, bass and Claire also on vocals. Thanx, Trunt, Whitehaven, Cumbria.

Penpals



Lesley Cripps

I AM a 17 year old punkette and into Siouxsie and The Damned. I would like to hear from punx/punkettes in Chesterfield, Derbyshire as I'm mooring there in September and I don't know any punks who live there. **Lesley Cripps, 6 Fairfax Close, Cirencester, Glos.**

I'M A 13 year old punk called Skids and I'd like to write to a girl aged 12-14 into bands like Test-Tubes, Vice Squad, Exploited, SLF, Crass and loads more. Please send letters and photos to. **M. Cooper, 35 Anthony Drive, Sprowston Road, Norwich, NR3 4EN.**

PUNK, 17 into ANWL, Exploited, GBH, Siouxsie, Pistols, Damned and lots more. Would like to correspond with punkettes 16+ preferably in S. Yorks area (photo appreciated). **Mick, 15 Aldcliffe Crescent, Balby, Doncaster, S. Yorks.**

I AM 14 and devoted to punk. I like the music of Bauhaus, U2, The Clash, Exploited, Sex Pistols and Peter And The Test Tube Babies. I want a punkette aged between 13 and 16 to write to and maybe meet who lives in the London area. Send a photo. **Stuart F, 278 Hedgeman's Road, Dagenham, Essex, RM9 6DA.**

I AM 16 year old punk. Want to write to any punkette of any age. Into Sex Pistols, SLF, ANWL, Angelic Upstarts, Exploited and loads of others. I like sitting in back rows of pictures and going out for a piss up now and again. Please send photo. **Alex B. Lewis, 37 West Avenue, Woodlands, Doncaster, S. Yorkshire, DN6 7PA.**

I AM a 15 year old punk who's into Sex Pistols, Exploited, Vice Squad, ANWL, Plasmatics and GBH. Would like to hear from punks/punkettes of same age. **Richard, 244 Wellington Street, Long Eaton, Notts.**

I AM a 17 year old semi punk who would like to correspond with pretty female punks with pleasant personalities. I am only slightly punk in appearance, am not ugly and not handsome. Favourite groups include P.I.L., Crass, UK Subs, Dickies, SLF, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Angelic Upstarts, 999, Sex Pistols, X-Ray Spex. Other interests include girls, CB radio, anarchy, sport, animals and playing practical jokes. Dislikes include racialism, religion (although I don't hold it against people that do believe), police, jazz funk, laws and rules, royalty, pointless violence and vandalism etc. **Keith, 268 West End Road, Ruislip, Middx. HA4 6DY.**

I AM a 17 year old skin who would like to write to skin girl. I am into all Oi bands especially PATTB, Blitz, Exploited, 4 Skins and One Way System. Photo if possible. Oi Oi that's your lot. **Stephen Lewis, 52 Killaney Avenue, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.**

WANTED FOR 20 year old punk. Female troops of tomorrow who like to hear nothing, see nothing and say nothing. Also must be into leather, bristles, studs and acne. Dislikes mods and disco. **Andy, 31 Ryefield Close, Eastfield, Scarborough, N. Yorks, YO11 3DN.**

19 YEAR old hardcore punk would like punkette (Tyne/Wear area) to write to. I'm into GBH, Wheels, Discharge, Conflict, Action Pact plus loads more. Photo if possible. **Gary, 88 Bedford Avenue, Laygate Flats, South Shields, Tyne/Wear, NE33 4QH.**

I'M A 16 year French punk and I'm completely crazy about Sid Vicious and The Exploited. I also like Sex Pistols, Killing Joke, Crass, Angelic Upstarts, GBH and lots more. I'd like to write and maybe meet one day some punkettes or punks who live near Swansea (because I go there every year). Photo if possible. **David Harrison, CAPA 1-Ecole de Coat an D'och, Lanrodec 22-170, Chatelandren, FRANCE.**

I AM a 17 year old punk from Australia. I live in Brisbane and there ain't many punks or skins there, but I'm a hard core punk. I'm into Discharge, Exploited, Destroyors, Test Tube Babies, Sex Pistols, Black Flag, DK's and I would like to write to punkettes and punks around the same age. I may be coming to Britain later on in '83. I'm 5'6", with fair spiky hair. **Gregory O'Connor, 6 Gertrude Street, Highgate Hill, Brisbane QLD, Australia, 4101.**

BORED PUNK aged (24) seeks punkette (18-23) for friendship and gigs. I like Siouxsie, Sex Gang Children, Southern Death Cult, GBH, Bauhaus, Virgin Prunes. Write or meet, photo if possible. **Mel Webb, 47 Meadowcroft, Upper Stratton, Swindon, Wilts, SN2 6JS.**



Garry and Davie Fraser

TWO 18 year old skinheads would like to hear from Scottish skinnettes or punkettes into ANWL, 4 Skins, Upstarts and some Two-Tone music. **Garry and Davie Fraser, 84 Paradykes Avenue, Loanhead, Midlothian, Scotland.**

I'M AN up and coming punk from Bristol. I like Sex Pistols, Clash, Exploited, Damned and many more. I want to hear from male punks 16-18 years. I'm 16 years, I have black/brown hair, brown/green eyes, 5'5", biggish built. **Angel M, 43 Hawksmoor Close, Whitchurch, Bristol.**

MY NAME is Angie, I'm 16 years old and would like to here from punks aged 16 onwards. I'm into Crass, Discharge, GBH, Vice Squad and many others. Send photo if possible. **56 Porchester Road, Pennywell, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear, SR4 8ED.**

DEBRA AND Mark, aged 20, would like to meet/correspond with people (especially couples) into Damned, Killing Joke, U2, Banshees, Bowie, Roxy, Rocky Horror etc. Must have little or no interest in the political side of punk, just into travelling and having a good time. Send a letter and photo if possible. **Debra & Mark, 4 Victoria House, Victoria Road, Salford, M6 8LF.**

I'M 16 and until not long ago I had no idea what good music was. Now I know that The Cure, Jam, Associates, Crass, Bauhaus, DK, SGC, ANWL, Defects and Danse Society are those I really enjoy. Other interests are travel, football, Dundee United, and trying to lose weight. I'm interested in forming a band. I write songs and I try to sing. So if anyone out there can write music and play instruments get practising. Intellectuals preferred but looks, image, size, sex, colour religion aren't important. **The Squatta, 2 Wrights Avenue, Hele, Torquay, South Devon.**

EX PUNK/Skin/Roadie/Layabout, 22, would like to hear from other blokes anywhere, particularly Germany, USA and Australia — for future visits/crash pad etc. Interests booze, bed, bikes, photos, videos. Please send your pic. **Brian Howard, c/o 7 Quintondale, Harwood Grove, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands, B90 4AP.**

I AM a 16 year old punkette. I would like to write to punks in the London area who are interested in forming a band. I am into Vice Squad, Southern Death Cult, GBH, Exploited, Clash, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Crass, Damned and UK Decay. Photo if possible. **Mandy, 34 St. Albans Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, HP2 4BA.**

FREE!

Do you want to write or meet fellow punks? In the next issue of Punk Lives we'll devote a section just for you. And it's FREE. Send your name, address and the type of person and music you'd like to match up with to Punk Lives, PENPALS, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1 and we'll print as many as we can.

TOTALLY CONFUSED punk (16) into Discharge, Dirt, Conflict, Crass, Flux, Disrupters, The Mob, Sub Humans, Rudimentary Peni, Zounds (R.I.P.) etc. Wants to write to punkettes everywhere and anywhere, for serious and stupid conversation. **Mid, 34 Springfield Road, Taverham, Norwich, Norfolk, NR8 6QU.**

I AM 17 years old and love punk. I would like to meet or write to punkettes anywhere in Britain. I like Sex Pistols, ANWL, Exploited, SLF, Anti Pasti, Sham 69 and others. Prowler, 4B Westland Mews, Redmanville, Portadown, Co. Armagh, N. Ireland.

I AM 16 years old and into punk and would like to meet/write to any punks, punkettes from anywhere. I like the Sex Pistols, 999, Buzzcocks, Exploited, Vice Squad, Dead Kennedys etc. Anyone interested please write to **Terry, 10 Boileau Road, Barnes, London, SW13.**

14 YEAR old punk wishes to write to 14 year old punkettes, preferably in Newcastle area, but anywhere really (especially from other countries to swap tapes, records etc.) Fave bands are 1919, Bauhaus, early Ants, Sex Gang Children, The Mob, Action Pact and others. **Richard, 33 Grafton Road, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear, NE26 2NR.**

18 YEAR old punk wishes to write or meet punk or punkettes to get out of this rut. Into Angelic Upstarts, Crass, SLF, Toyah and Newcastle Brown Ale. Give Mensi more power. **David Gallacher, 33 King Georges Road, Newbiggin by Sea, Northumberland.**

17 YEAR old skinhead into Skrewdriver, 4 Skins, Crux, Last Resort, Violators, Red Alert and most other Oi bands, especially Combat 84. Would like to write to other skins around the country, preferably London. I support Chelsea and Linfield. I am about 6ft 2ins tall and would like to send a photo. **Dessie Clarke, 155 Linn Road, Craigy Hill, Larne, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.**

I'M 19 and I don't understand what's happened to punk with groups like Crass. Is there any chaotic punx left who like Chaotic Dischord, Mayhem or Chaos UK cos I'm really fed up with this peace lark. So drop us a line. **Erik Wilson, 15 Gordon Road, West Drayton, Middx.**

HELLO, MY name is Alan, I'm 17 and I'm a peace punk. I would like to hear from any peace punkettes anywhere into The Mob, Crass, Sadistic Ecology, Flux and The System. So all you peace punkettes write. **Alan Rickwick, 9 Yew Avenue, Yiewsley, Middlesex.**

TWO PUNKS, Gaz (15) Pete (14), would like to write and eventually meet two female punks. We like most punk bands including Pistols, ANWL, One Way System, Crass, DK, UK Subs, Upstarts, GBH, Partisans, Blitz, Toy Dolls. If interested send a photo to **Gaz Cox, 20 Phoenix Avenue, Gedling, Nottingham, NG4 4EL.**

MALE PUNK (16) into spiky hair, going to gigs, and having a good time. Loves Damned, Clash, Adicts, GBH, Meteors, Vibrators. Hates, heavy metal, posers, violence, vivisection. Wants to write/meet an attractive, unattached punkette 16+ for gigs and having a good laugh. Pic if possible. So go on take a gamble and please write to **Andrew Bradley, 2 Thorhill Road, Rastrick, Brighouse, West Yorkshire.**

BORED WITH Womans Own, My Guy, True Romance, Princess Diana's royal secrets? Well, I'm hoping to start a fanzine so if you are interested and have poetry, stories, angry quotations etc, then write to me. You must be aged between 18-23 and live in the London area and be creative. Please enclose a stamp. I'll provide the envelope. It would help if you are unemployed because I am. **I Fear The Greeks, Vio Spazma, 11 Heathfield Road, Bromley, Kent, BR1 1BB.**

18 YEAR old mohican punk, into Exploited, The Strike, Crux, ANWL and most other punk bands. Would like punks/punkettes to write to. Photo if possible. **Robert Rapson, 32 Coul Hill Road, Alness, Ross-shire, Scotland.**

HI, OUR names are Hilda & Irene. We like POH/SOD, The Clash, Sex Gang Children, Southern Death Cult, etc. We like children and hamsters. We'd like to get in touch with people with the same interests. We also like sport and horse riding. So why not write to us. Also we tell lies and the only bit of this letter which is true is the groups we like and the address. So write to **Linda (16) and Shirley (16) at 22 Farnham Croft, Skelton Woods, Whinmoor, Leeds.**

I WOULD like any female punk aged 16-18 to write to a pissed off punk who is into Sex Pistols, Chaos UK, 1919, The Partisans, ANWL, Crass and all the rest of them. Write soon and send a picture if possible. **Chris Waring, 2 Kiln Lane, Eastborogh, Dewsbury, West Yorkshire, WF13 1NR.**

IF YOU like hardcore punk then write to me. I am into Cheese, GBH, ANWL, Test-Tubes and any other hardcore groups. **Geofrey Mute, Flat 7, 22 Railway Road, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.**



Geofrey Mute

I'M A 17 year old male punk, into Exploited, Sex Pistols, Plasmatics, Vice Squad, Siouxsie, Toyah, Hazel O'Connor, Honey Bane and loads more. I would like to hear from any female punks. Photos please. **73 Grasmere Crescent, Winton, Eccles, Salford, M30 BDG.**

I'M A 20 year old girl into most groups including Joy Division, Sex Gang Children, The Fall, Crass, Southern Death Cult, etc. Males with similar interests please write soon. **Andy, 10 Fraser Close, Woodseats, Sheffield 8, Yorks.**

TWO PUNKS into Exploited, Damned, GBH, seek lovely punkettes to write to between 14-17 year old. **Jeff & Paddy, 78 Mottershead Road, Widnes, Cheshire, WA8 0LT.**

ALLO PUNKS and punkettes everywhere. My name is Korkie and I want people to write to me. I am 14 and trying to form a fast punk band (which ain't easy!) I have loads of songs and write more all the time. If anyone's interested write to **Steve, 26 Luton Crescent, North Shields, Tyne & Wear, NE29 6AP.**

HI, I am a long-eared, short haired punk who would like to get to meet punkettes aged 16, 17 or 18. Not bothered which part of the country they come from, but must be into Blitz, Chaos UK, One Way System and Discharge. Other interests are art. **Jock, 5 Cuerden Street, Chorley, Lancs.**

ANY PUNKS interested — my fave bands are ANWL, Madness, Clash, SLF and U2. Aged 16. **Diane Seed, 130 High Street North, Langley Moor, Durham, DH7 8EX.**

I AM a 14 year old punkette who would like to hear from all you punks/punkettes between the age of 14-16 years, into Siouxsie, Sex Pistols, Vice Squad, Cult Maniac, ANWL and the Damned. Send photo if possible. All letters answered. **Debi, 48 Fairway, Braunton, N. Devon, EX33 LDZ.**

HI I'M Paul M, and I'd like to hear from o/skin/skinettes/hardcore Exploited type punks/punkettes, not just from London but from N. England and Ireland too. I'm 22 and like lots of British bands including Last Resort, 4-Skins, Infra Riot, Business, Criminal Class, Exploited, Outcasts, Dead Wretched, Fits etc. No Crass/DKs fans need write. **Paul M, 277 Jeter St., Redwood City, CA 94062.**

IS THERE anyone in the Leicester or Bristol area who is into Bauhaus, Joke, 1919, Sex Gang Children, UK Decay, PIL, Southern Death Cult, Sisters of Mercy, Theatre Of Hate, Danse Society and all other so called 'Positive Punk'. Plus Pistols, Clash, Birthday Party, Siouxsie, DK, Damned, Flux, Crass, V. Squad, early SLF and some Cure, U2, Bunneymen. I'm 16, a nutter, who likes gigs, and parties. Photo please. **Dino 'Animal' Carter, 38 Portland Road, Leicester.**

Send a picture and we'll use that as well!

MONKEY BUSINESS

Sheena Eastend celebrates life with the Adicts.

THE FAMILIAR fairground music spills from the speakers, as the Adicts kids eagerly await the fun machine to take the stage by storm. A droog-driven device. Adicted to laughter and celebration.

The Adicts crunching crusade began way back in the heady days of '77. They were originally formed as the Pintz in a scout hut in Aldeburgh (seaside Suffolk) and from that humble beginning have risen to become one of the nation's top punk bands.

"However, a lot of kids are under the impression we're a new band," explains the joker of the pack, mannequin-like Monkey, the group's front man and vocalist.

To dispel any such untruths the band gather round to reveal their positive past. It appears that following their very first London date in the Autumn of '79, they were snatched up by tiny Norwich based record label Dining Out. A four track EP 'Lunch With The Adicts' was unleashed and strided to No.2 in the Indie charts. However, due to lack of press coverage and live work, their brilliance was kept very much in the dark. Then after a Tempole Tudor support in 1980, business started to boom with the following year seeing the release of the much worshipped album 'Songs Of Praise'. The music press then began to show interest. Asked if the Adicts still appraise their early songs, group guitarist with much gusto, Pete Dee states "We may have changed musical direction many times since then, but the goodtime sentiment has always been there. So what if we're unemployed. It's not going to change by feeling sorry for ourselves, just give us an hour to have a party and some fun and our world will seem a happier place."

Since 1981 the Adicts have produced two epic singles in the shape of 'Viva La Revolution', and

'Chinese Take Away', paving way for their chart album 'Sound Of Music' and hit single 'Bad Boy'. Following its top 75 appearance what does it feel like to be chart stars? "It means nothing at all," retorts Monkey. "But underneath I'm actually quite numbed that people like our record."

Do comparisons of 'Bad Boy' to Gary Glitter by the press annoy you?

"Yes it's a bit of a bummer" quips Kid the dynamic droog drummer, "it wasn't intentional."

Monkey: "No, not really it just came across that way" Kid: "It's just a coincidence we like him as well. Do you remember Al Jolson? well it's nothing like him either."

You don't think you've sold out 'cause you've had a pop record in the charts?

"No course not, why should we?"

What about the TV appearance on Cheggers Plays Pop?

"Great!" (in unison).

Are you all Keith Chegwin fans? "No, Piss off, but the show is fun to watch."

Talking of performing, the Adicts' current tour has been packing them in at your local Tiffany's up and down the country. "Oh, it's been a laugh, a real bloody laugh. At least the gigs we've got to and played have outnumbered the failures, due to breaking down and not nearly getting there plus two were called off, and most annoyingly Brighton's Xtreems wouldn't let us play 'cause it's turned into a bloody disco," informs the Kid.

Monkey: "The crowds have been a mixed audience, the most diverse we've played."

Pete Dee: "Very mixed but punky. We like to mix punk with everybody, as we feel punks would like to be accepted a bit more."

Do you regard yourselves as a punk band?

Pete: "We're not just a punk band, we're a Chas 'n' Dave band, we play to working class, beer drinking heroes.

We don't care if you're a skin,

punk, mod, a wanker, a pillock . . . come and see us and have a good time."

On the subject of all things punky what are your views on anarchy?

"It's great in principal, the non-political stuff. But in practice it just doesn't work, there's always contradictions," suggest bad-boy bassist Mad Melvin.

So what have you lined up for the future, an album in the pipeline perhaps?

Monkey: "We've got a few tracks together, whether we get down to recording them is another matter."

Melvin: "No, we hope to have some product whizzed out in the summer, when it gets a bit warmer."

Will it be a departure from the last one.

Monkey: "Yes we expect change. As you must realise from the past material, we don't stay on one level. Cause we believe people get bored if you invent a sound and stick to it for three years. We haven't any real blueprint at the moment but if no one accepts the new staff then we can only learn from that."

So following your British breakthrough — Adicts for World domination?

Monkey: "I'm not sure I want the world — it stinks now. I wouldn't want to be responsible for it, y'know I'd like the sunny bits. Barbados will do nicely and Ipswich of course, the rich bits of America where they'd probably hate us?"

Is that all?

Melvin: "The not too tropical parts of Australia where I can absorb the infra-red rays!"

So it has to be asked, are the Adicts a serious band?

Pete looks across at the others and smiles "Is Bilko serious? I Coronation Street serious? Well the Adicts also like to be taken seriously. But only as far as musical ability is concerned and we like to include humour cause its the best medium for getting across to people. Whatever you wanna take serious is just too bad. We hope we create happiness."

The Adicts are intelligent and aware of their audience. They may act like adults sometimes but deep down you know they're only kidding.

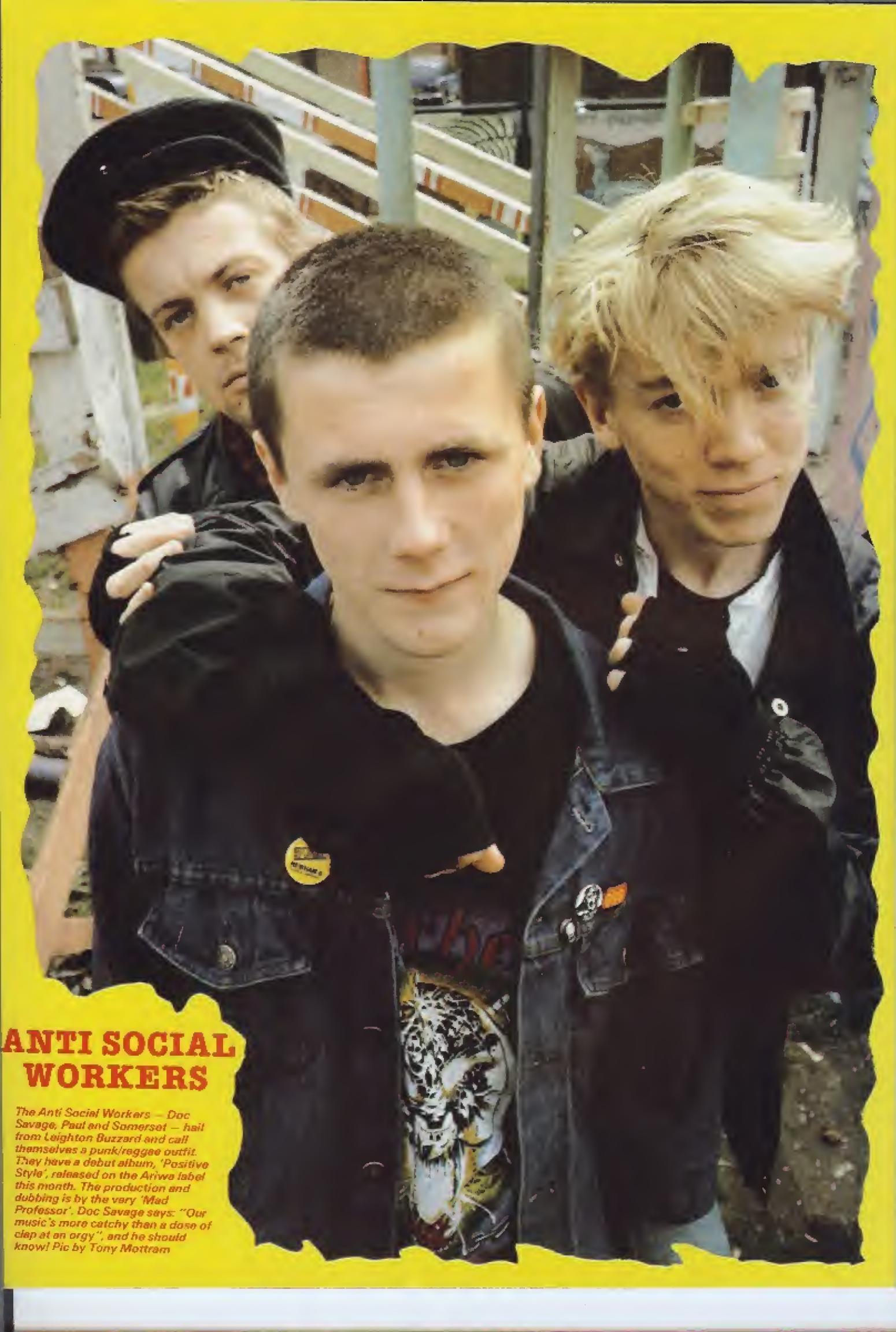
Are you adicted yet? If not, you're certainly missing out on the most important time of your life — your youth. The Adicts captivate their audience, convert them and celebrate with them. Life is a celebration — don't forget it!

ADICTS: not a new band



MONKEY

ADICTS



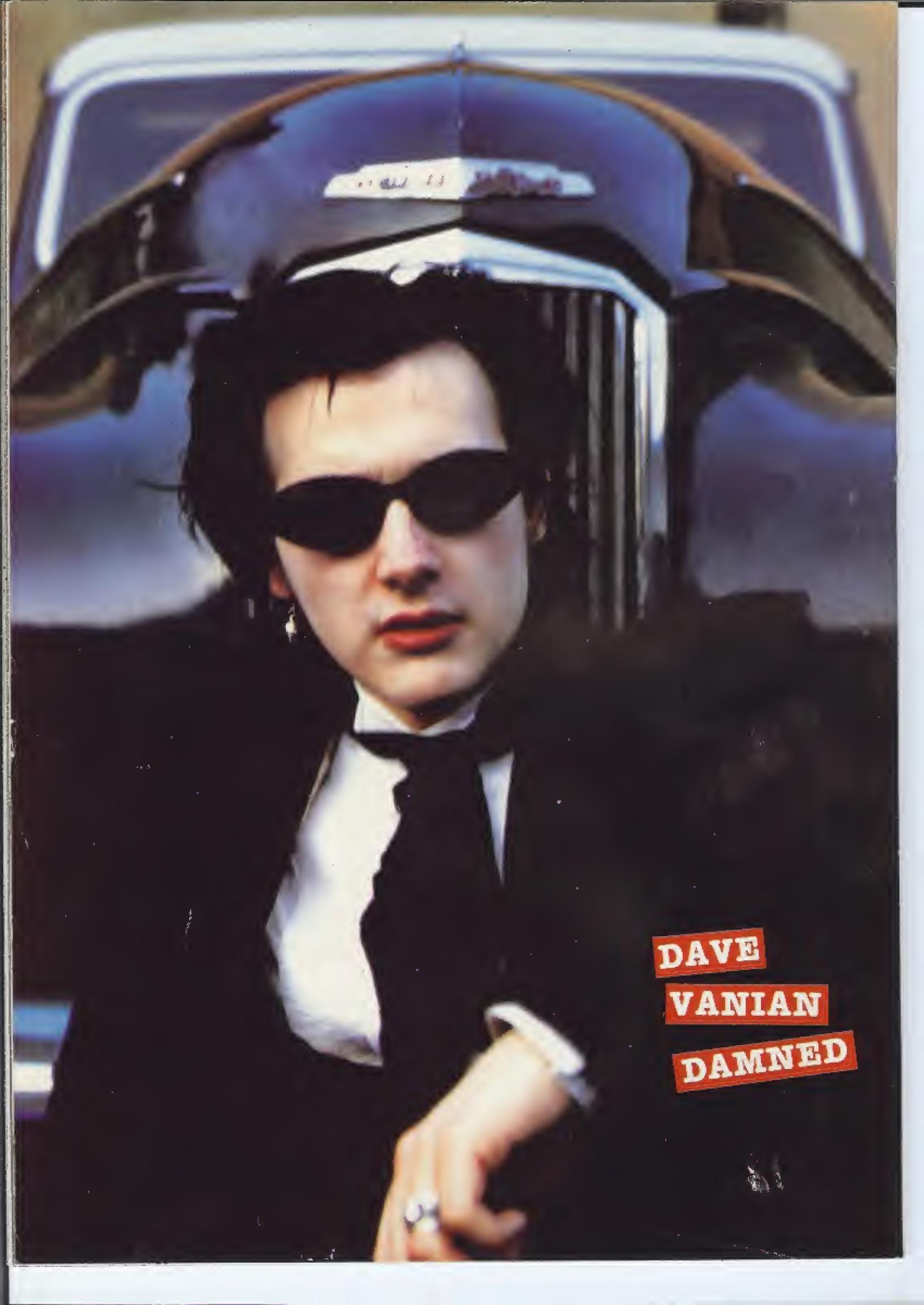
ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS

The Anti Social Workers — Doc Savage, Paul and Somerset — hail from Leighton Buzzard and call themselves a punk/reggae outfit. They have a debut album, 'Positive Style', released on the Ariwa label this month. The production and dubbing is by the very 'Mad Professor'. Doc Savage says: "Our music's more catchy than a dose of clap at an orgy", and he should know! Pic by Tony Mottram

TENPOLE TUDOR

It's a far cry from his part in the Sex Pistols' 'Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle' film but Eddie Tenpole is back again with a catchy little ditty called 'The Hayrick Song' on Stiff Records. But the lad's still up to his antics. When the single was delivered to the music press, it was in the middle of a bale of hay and helping him carry it were a few buxom wenches. Perhaps they should have left a bucket of manure as well.





**DAVE
VANIAN
DAMNED**